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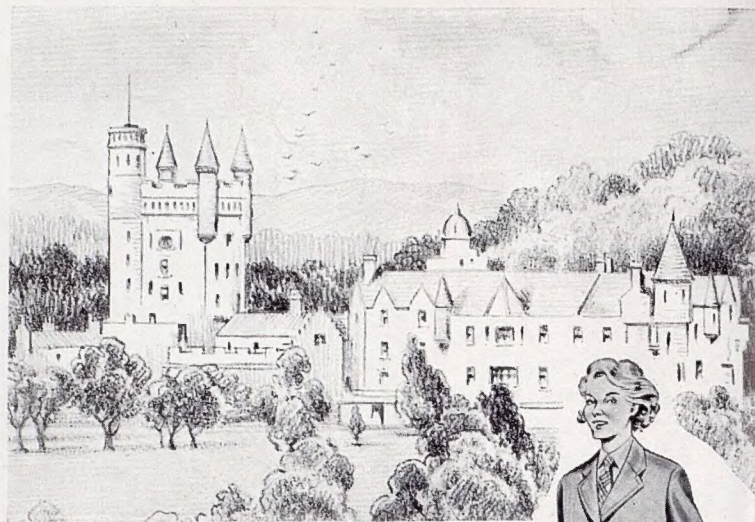
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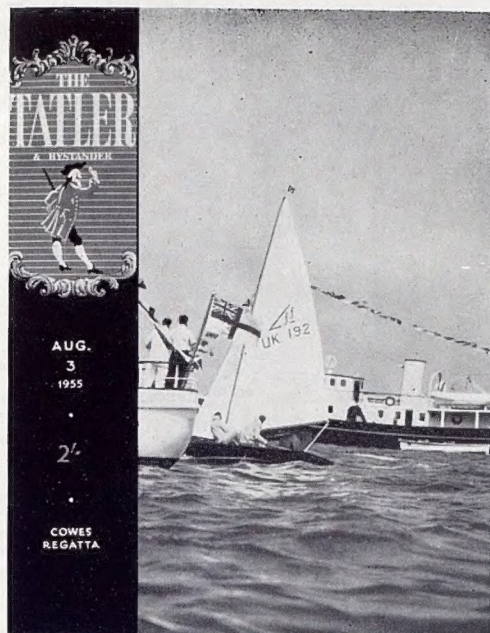
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 3 to August 10



COWES REGATTA is the subject of our cover this week. In the centre of the picture H.R.H. Prince Philip is seen at the helm of Coweslip his Flying Fifteen with Mr. Uffa Fox, the celebrated designer of the "Fifteen" and many other racing craft, as his crew. Much of the popularity of Cowes Week has always been stimulated by the presence and interest of Royalty in yacht racing. Prince Philip, with his personal enthusiasm and successful participation in this sport, most ably carries on this century old tradition

August 3 (Wed.) Dublin Horse Show (to Saturday).

Cowes Week: The R.Y.S. Regatta third day (until 5th) including Cowes motor cruiser Round the Island race.

Charity Ball at Cowes.

National Pony Society Annual Show at Roehampton Club (two days).

Horse Shows at Eastbourne and Broadstairs.

Cricket: Canterbury Week. Kent v. Gloucestershire. At Lord's: Combined Services v. Public Schools (two days).

Racing at Pontefract and Yarmouth, Brighton (two days).

Tennis: Bournemouth Tournament until 6th (third day).

First night of *Waiting For Godot* at the Arts Theatre.

August 4 (Thur.) Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta Ball at Cowes, and New York Yacht Club Cup Race.

Bakewell Agricultural and Horticultural Show.

August 5 (Fri.) Cowes Week: R.Y.S. and Town regattas.

Dances: Mrs. Davies-Gilbert for Miss Patricia and Miss Sylvia Davies-Gilbert at Birling Manor, East Dean; and Lady Milburne for Miss Susan Milburne at Guyzance Hall, Acklington, Northumberland.

Cricket at Lord's: Royal Navy v. Army (two days).

Tennis: Eastbourne Tournament (5th, 10th, 12th and 13th).

Racing at Newmarket, Lewes and Redcar (two days).

August 6 (Sat.) Cowes Week: Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta and start of the R.O.R.C. Fastnet Race.

Bembridge Sailing Club Ball.

Ponies of Britain Show on Ascot racecourse.

Perthshire Agricultural Show.

August 7 (Sun.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend morning service at St. David's Cathedral, Pembrokeshire.

August 8 (Mon.) Cricket at Lord's: Royal Navy v. R.A.F.

Racing at Nottingham and Folkestone (two days).

August 9 (Tues.) The Queen and Prince Philip visit the Isle of Man.

Polo at Cirencester from 9th-14th (the Cheltenham and Kingscote cups).

First night of *The Romantics*, Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

August 10 (Wed.) Exmoor Pony Annual Society Show at Exford, Devon.

Cricket at Lord's: Middlesex v. Warwickshire.

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Her Majesty presents the Colours

THE Queen, as Captain-General of the Honourable Artillery Company, is seen presenting new Regimental Colours to the Company, at an impressive ceremony on the parade ground at Armoury House, City Road. On the left is Major-Gen. Sir Julian A. Gascoigne, formerly commanding the Household Brigade, who is the Colonel-Commandant of the Company. It is the first time in its long history that a Sovereign has presented Colours to the H.A.C.

LONDON WEDDING OF HIGH SUMMER

THE marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. David Ean Coleridge, and Miss Susan Senior. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Coleridge of Welbeck House, Welbeck Street, W.1., while the bride is the elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior of Egerton Place, S.W.1. She is a granddaughter of the late Lord Joicey and great-niece of the present baron. A reception was held at Claridge's and the honeymoon was spent in France



Social Journal

Jennifer

ROYAL GALA AT THE WHITE CITY

THE International Horse Show at the White City was, once again a tremendous success. The more varied programme included for the first time this year a class for Private, Regimental and Road Coaches which had nine entries. The Private Coach section was won by Sir Dymoke White with his magnificent team of bays.

I went down for the gala performance on the Wednesday evening when the Queen, wearing a grey mink stole over a short white evening dress, was present with Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret. This was the Queen Mother's second visit as she had been there on the opening day accompanied by Princess Alexandra. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands joined the party in the Royal Box. He had flown over from Holland earlier in the week with his two elder

daughters, and they had all three been at the show several times.

The Duke of Beaufort received the Royal party, who at this gala performance saw the international jumping contest for the King George V Cup, which is always the highlight of the Show. This year it was won by the Italian Lt.-Col. Cartasegna on the grey horse Brando with five clear rounds. At the end of the opening round two British and three Italians had to do a jump off, and Lt.-Col. Cartasegna was the only competitor to complete a second clear round. He later dismounted and went up to the Royal Box where he received the coveted trophy from the Queen, who congratulated him on his performance. Her Majesty also presented the Queen Elizabeth II Cup to nineteen-year-old Miss Dawn Palethorpe, who had won this trophy the previous evening on Earlsrath Rambler.

Watching the gala performance were Lord Plunket and Lady Rose Baring, who were in attendance on the Queen, Lord and Lady Roderick Pratt in a big party which included Lord Rupert Nevill, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, and Lady Anne Coke.

At other tables, dining comfortably in the glass-fronted club, and watching the Show at the same time, were Sir Nigel Colman—for years a great supporter of the "long rein" classes—with Lady Colman, Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George with Mr. Frank Gentle, chairman of the White City, Mrs. Gentle and Cdr. Walter Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Vacy Ash from Toronto were with Mr. Peter Adams, whose brother Mr. Derek Butler Adams and his lovely wife were also present, while Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Gillespie from Victoria, B.C., were in a big party with Major Mackenzie and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger. American Mr. Stuart

Don, who hunts in the Heythrop country (where he has taken Lady Jane Nelson's house) and Mrs. Stuart Don were there with Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel Smith. Nearby I saw Cdr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kemball, Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Eykyn and Signora Ferrario, who was over from Rome and was delighted with the success of the Italian horse and rider. Pictures on pages 200-1.

★ ★ ★

LADY (DONALD) ANDERSON, Mrs. Marris and Mrs. Michael Pumphrey gave a very enjoyable joint coming-out ball for their daughters Miss Gillian Anderson, Miss Tessa Marris and Miss Charlotte Pumphrey at the Hyde Park Hotel. The three girls, who all wore white dresses, stood at the top of the stairs with their mothers receiving the guests. Lovely flowers were everywhere and the rooms were beautifully cool as the french windows of the ballroom and the windows in the reception rooms were kept wide open.

Soon after midnight all the guests sat round in the ballroom to watch an excellent cabaret performed by two most amusing acrobats. Later in the evening there were reels and Scottish country dances beginning with the "Duke of Perth."

Among those who gave dinner parties for the dance were Lady (Colin) Anderson, Mrs. Charles Doughty, whom I saw sitting watching the dancing, Lady Cecilia McKenna, Mrs. J. L. Pumphrey, the Hon. Lady Gibb, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, and Major Rhydian and Lady Honor Llewellyn—the latter looking charming in blue. Lady Hayter, over from Moscow with her husband, who was away in Geneva, I met talking to Sir Donald and Lady Anderson, the latter wearing a fine diamond tiara with her deep pink faille dress.

Others sitting at the tables arranged near the dance floor included Mr. and Mrs. David Llewellyn, his brother Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn and the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn, who came on later from the International Horse Show, the Hon. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry, and the Earl of Inchcape, sitting talking to Mrs. Alexander Stewart-Moore, who was in red. Among the young people dancing were Miss Elizabeth Rhys, very pretty in palest blue tulle, Viscount Hereford, Miss Alicia Cooke, Miss Mary Illingworth, Viscount Colville, Lady Serena Lumley, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. Cheyney, and Mr. Nicholas Buckley.

★ ★ ★

BEAUTIFULLY turned out in an exquisite wedding dress of embroidered white organza, and a short tulle veil held in place by a coronet of white flowers, Miss Susan Senior, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, made a very pretty bride when she married Mr. David Coleridge at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She was followed by a retinue of six little girls and three older bridesmaids, Louisa Clowes, April Studd, Valerie Taylor, Patricia Coleridge, Ione and Sheena Douglas, the bride's sister Miss Deirdre Senior, Miss Virginia Estcourt, and Miss Prue McCorquodale. They wore dresses of white tulle with narrow sashes of pale gold satin, with head-dresses and bouquets of pale gold roses.

The bride's mother, who was in a soft mushroom pink dress with large feather-trimmed hat to match, and the bridegroom's mother in blue, stood with their husbands receiving the guests. These must have numbered nearly a thousand, and the ballroom and adjoining rooms were soon full of friends. Mr. Anthony Coleridge was best man to his brother and proposed the health of the couple after they had cut their wedding cake.

[Continued overleaf]



IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE Mrs. Derek Clogg (left) and Mrs. Cecil Madden are seen awaiting guests at the coming out ball they gave for their daughters Miss Carolyne Clogg (beside her mother) and Miss Mardie Madden. Nearly 300 guests attended this delightful occasion at the Hyde Park Hotel



Miss Elizabeth Rhys, débutante daughter of Lady Anne Rhys, was, with the Earl of Brecknock, introduced to explorers Michaela and Armand Denis by Mr. Cecil Madden, Assistant Controller of B.B.C. television programmes



Miss Richenda Gurney, who is also a débutante this year, was arriving with Miss Ella Grimston

Swaebe

Continuing The Social Journal

Friends from Australia
at Brompton wedding

A few of the guests I met included Lord and Lady Monson and their attractive daughter Sandra, who has been a great success in her first season, Lady Lowson and her eldest daughter Gay—a pretty girl who comes out next year—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, the latter wearing a pretty red feather-trimmed hat, Lt.-Col Edward Studd, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Seely and her daughter Zandra who also makes her début next year, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Lady Ley and her daughter Elizabeth.

* * *

WHEN Capt. Basil Heaton, son of Cdr. and Mrs. H. E. Heaton, married Miss Bronwen Poole, daughter of Mr. B. C. H. Poole and the late Mrs. Poole, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, there were many friends from Australia where the bride's family are very well known. These included Sir Norman and Lady Gregg from Sydney, Sir Colin Anderson, chairman of the Orient Line, and Lady Anderson, the bride's cousin Mrs. Denis Allen and her husband, who own several good racehorses in Sydney, and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Foster.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a parchment duchess satin dress with a very full train, and her long tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Her three bridesmaids, Miss Jill Hassall and Miss Robin Linsley from Australia and Miss Marigold Graham, were in champagne-coloured net dresses very full with a short train and sashes of green and burgundy shot organza with flowers in their hair.

After the ceremony the bride's father, Mr. B. C. H. Poole, held a reception at 23 Knightsbridge, where he received the guests with Cdr. and Mrs. H. E. Heaton. Besides those I have already mentioned they included the Countess of Stradbroke and her daughter Lady Marye Rous, Mrs. John Martin, Lady Burghley, the bride's aunt, Mrs. Bache Hay who lives in Scotland, and who had been down south to help her niece with her wedding arrangements; her uncle Mr. Dick Poole, who is very well known in the racing world, the



Pearl Freeman

MISS TESSA VOELCKER is the youngest daughter of Mr. John Voelcker of Farleigh, Parktown, Johannesburg, and Mrs. James Fraser of The Court House, Craighall, Johannesburg. She was presented to the Queen at Buckingham Palace in July

bridegroom's uncle Mr. Heaton of Plas Heaton, his brother Mr. Richard Heaton, Lady Mostyn, Col. and Mrs. Davies-Cooke and Col. and Mrs. Jones Mortimer.

Capt. John Thorneloe, R.N., was best man and after the young couple had cut their wedding cake Mr. Geoffrey Foster proposed their health. Later, as they were leaving for their honeymoon in Paris and Switzerland, Mr. John Stevens, ex-Master of the Wye College Beagles, blew the "Gone away" on his hunting horn.

* * *

I FLEW over to Deauville for the Air Rally last month, organized by the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain. Nearly a hundred planes of all shapes and sizes, many privately owned, took part. Members who came on the rally, numbering nearly 300, were all the guests for the weekend of M. André the uncrowned King of Deauville, whose kindness and generosity is renowned.

I went over as the passenger of that very efficient pilot Mr. Edgar Percival, the designer of the Percival Gull and other good planes, and the first man to produce low-wing monoplanes in the British Empire. He is now busy design-

ing yet another new plane. We flew in his very comfortable Percival Q.6, and had a splendid flight both ways, taking off from the airfield at Stapleford in Essex and clearing customs at Croydon.

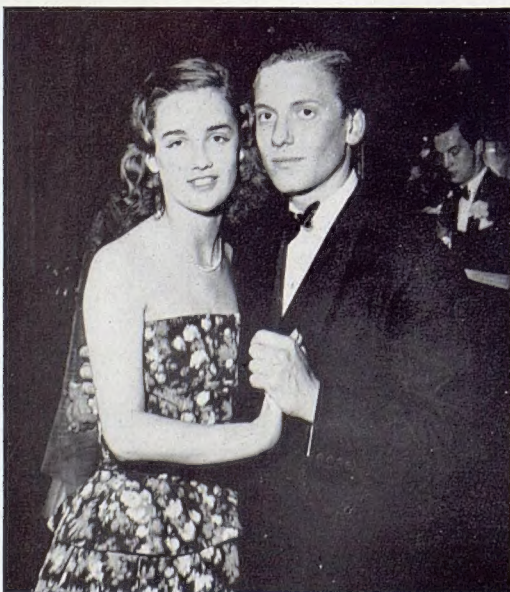
Lord Brabazon of Tara, President of the Royal Aero Club, and Lady Brabazon were flown across by Mr. Richard Fairey in his D.H. Rapide. Col. "Mossy" Preston, Director-General of the Club, flew up from La Paule, where many members had enjoyed a smaller air rally the previous weekend.

Others who had come on from La Baule included Mr. Jim Elwes in his Miles Messenger, Mr. David Constable-Maxwell who had Viscount Scarsdale as passenger in his Gipsy Gemini, and Mr. John Houlder who had flown on after La Baule to carry out some business appointments in Sicily and Spain during the week, before coming on to Deauville.

MR. TORQUIL NORMAN, who had Miss Helia Stuart Walker as passenger, landed a Percival Proctor perfectly just after we came in; I saw the Hon. Peter Vanneck also make a perfect landing in his D.H. Tiger Moth and incidentally win the prize for the best landing. His passenger, Mr. Andre Sigonet, was a young American friend who was at Harvard with him; he was recently one of a crew of six to cross the Atlantic from Newport, U.S.A., to Scandinavia in a forty-foot ketch.

Other enthusiastic young amateur pilots who flew over for this very enjoyable weekend were Mr. Richard Paine, in his Miles Messenger, Mr. R. Uges, who came from Holland in his Sokol M.I.D., Mr. Spencer Le Marchant, who brought his bride over in his Miles Messenger (he also had Mr. R. Brooks and his fiancée, Miss Caroline Todd as passengers), and Mr. P. G. Butterfield making his first flight abroad flying an Auster. His father, Mr. J. J. Butterfield, brought a party of friends over in a Rapide. A few of the visitors stayed at the Gulf Hotel, but the majority went to the extremely comfortable Royal Hotel overlooking the sea which M. Mouchet runs so very efficiently, and where this year the cuisine is even better than ever.

LUNCHING here soon after our arrival I found a big party including M. Jacques Allez, president of the Royal Aero Club of France, Mrs. "Mossy" Preston, who had come on from La Baule, Air Vice-Marshal Selway and his charming wife from Paris, where he is Air Attaché, and Comte and Comtesse de la Poype who had flown in their



Miss Susan Clifford-Turner, one of this year's prettiest débutantes, and Mr. Robin Gage



Miss Sally Probart-Jones, who has also come out this year, and Mr. Christopher Marsden Smedley



Miss Susan Hampshire was dancing with Mr. Antony McGaffry

Avion from their chateau near Angers. The Comtesse, who is learning to fly, was the Hon. Enid Paget, before her marriage in 1947.

At other tables were Mr. J. N. Somers who had flown over in a Miles Gemini; he won the King's Cup air race one year and is at present leading in the 1955 racing championships; also Mr. and Mrs. John Grierson who brought their young daughter and Mr. Angus Irwin as passengers. Major and Mrs. Pelham Reid flew over in the Auster which he recently bought from Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dykes. They came on the rally in their new Proctor, in which they had just returned from a trip to Istanbul and Rhodes.

There was a wonderful gala at Les Ambassadeurs restaurant both evenings, with a magnificent firework display, and on the Sunday a luncheon party was given at the Golf Hotel before the annual golf match between the Royal Aero Club and the Aero Club de France, which resulted in a win for the latter team which was captained by that popular personality Comte Charles de Gramont. Our team, whose captain was Mr. Bob Mitchell, included Lord Brabazon, Major Pinto, the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Agar-Robartes, Mr. Everard Gates, who was over with his wife, and Major R. Mayo, chairman of the Royal Aero Club racing committee; he and Mrs. Mayo were on this rally for the first time.

DEAUVILLE, with plenty of fresh paint and gay flowers, was bathed in sunshine for the whole weekend. The tennis courts looked perfect as did the fine golf course and the racecourse, and everything was in readiness for the season, which should be a tremendous success. It reaches its height with the opening of the Grande Quinzaine on August 14 with first-class racing and polo matches. The big two-year-old race, the Prix Morny, will be run there on Sunday, August 21, and after racing that afternoon everyone will go across to the adjacent polo ground to watch the finals of the Coupe d'Or. The following Sunday, August 28, visitors will be able to see the Grand Prix de Deauville, and in the evening there is the Bal des Petits Lits Blancs.

Others I met enjoying the weekend at Deauville included Sir Hugh Dawson, Mr. Bobbie and the Hon. Mrs. Burns, Mr. Alfred Catton, who had flown out from Yorkshire, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, who are going over again for the Grande Quinzaine, Mrs. Kenneth Davis, whose husband, chairman of the R. Ae. C., was recovering from an operation had to miss the rally, and Baron Wedell-Wedellsborg who had flown over from Denmark.



MISS PATRICIA WYNNE-WILLIAMS, whose parents Mr. and Mrs. John Wynne-Williams gave a coming-out party for her at the Dorchester which was attended by some 250 guests. This very enjoyable evening included dancing which went on till the early hours of the morning, and supper at midnight, the latter being followed by an entertaining cabaret



Miss Judy Gillson and Mr. Charles Doughty were taking a breath of fresh air outside the ballroom



Mr. Christopher Drew, Miss Roberta Garew, Miss Cherry Burness and Mr. John Morgan were sitting in the champagne bar

O'Neill



Members of the international jumping teams competing in the show line up to be greeted by the President of Eire, H. E. Sean T. O'Kelly on his official arrival at the showground

DUBLIN UNROLLS ITS GREEN CARPET

LORD KILLANIN, who deals here with the Horse Show to which Dublin will welcome the world next week, is a brilliant writer who made a reputation as a journalist in Fleet Street before retiring to his ancestral lands in Galway. Since then he has taken an important part in Irish cultural and sporting activities

ON receiving an invitation to write a few notes about the Royal Dublin Society my thoughts immediately went back to schooldays. I recalled going to the Horse Show as a schoolboy and watching the tragedy of Col. Malise Graham's death at the great bank, and seeing tragi-comedies when, soon after the formation of the new State of Eire, numerous elderly ladies used to leave the stand and run below it, in order to avoid standing up for our new National Anthem.

Recently, as I wandered down Kildare Street, I saw the tall figure of a well-known Irish sportsman. They tell me that he is now well in the nineties, probably about ninety-four or ninety-five years old, and one reflects that when the first Horse Show was held in 1868, some eighty-seven years ago, this man was already a schoolboy and may have gone with his parents or governesses to the first Shows. What impertinence therefore, may it seem for somebody who only has recollections of Shows from the twenties to start setting down memories of them!

SOME people may think that the Royal Dublin Society's Show is the same, year in, year out. This is not really the case, and I certainly would not risk trying to describe the glories of the 1956 Show before they take place. Indeed, some contemporary journalists have recently fallen sadly by the wayside when writing articles in advance.

The Dublin Horse Show has now become such an important part of the equestrian life of Europe that one is inclined to forget its origin. It was in the year 1731 that the Royal Dublin Society was founded, following a meeting in the rooms of the Philosophical Society in Trinity College, Dublin, but it was not until the early 1860s that a class for Irish agricultural horses was introduced into their Spring Show.

Following two trials of this, the Committee decided, in the year 1868, to institute a Dublin Horse Show.

THE first Shows were held in the Exhibition Grounds attached to the then headquarters of the R.D.S. at Leinster House, which lies between Kildare Street and Merrion Square, and is now the seat of the Irish Legislature. Leinster House is surrounded by four buildings, the National Museum, Library, Art Gallery, and Science Museum—monuments to the R.D.S.—and it must be recalled that the Society is not only associated with the spectacular Horse Show, but with the development of much of our cultural and scientific life.

For instance, the Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin were the property of the R.D.S. until handed over to the Government in 1878, and as early as 1733 Botanic Gardens had been established at Summerhill. In 1800 the Society was responsible for the opening of the Veterinary College which passed to the Government in 1913, while the years 1877 and 1878 were marked by the foundations of

the National Library, Museum and Gallery.

In the first year, when the Show was held at Leinster House, the total entry of horses was 366, and the jumping competitions were restricted by rather confined space and courses but, by 1881, the Society had acquired land beyond Ballsbridge, and the first Show in the present grounds was held that year. It is much to the credit of the early members of the committee that the layout of the grounds today is very similar to the original plans although, naturally, the grandstands have been enlarged, and each year progress made in the stabling, exhibition halls, and so on.

ENTRIES this year total 1,150—an increase of 100 on last year. It is perhaps interesting to note that the classes with the greatest increases include the thoroughbreds and the children's ponies.

If the weather is fine—and usually Horse Show week is remarkably lucky in this respect—there are few more colourful public gatherings in Europe than at the showground.

After the morning judgings, when people have finished walking round the exhibition stands, they flock to the big jumping ring which holds 30,000 people. Of these 10,000 can be seated and, indeed, competition for tickets in the old stand, where members have priority, is close and keen. Although it may not be the best position from which to watch the jumping, I believe the finest view of the Show as a whole is obtained from the boxes usually occupied by members of the Diplomatic

Corps at the north end of the showground. When the sun shines on to the closely packed Anglesea stand, with the myriad colours of the ladies' gay dresses and hats, and, on the showground, with its magnificent flower borders, as red-coated riders compete for prizes, it is a spectacular and brilliant sight.

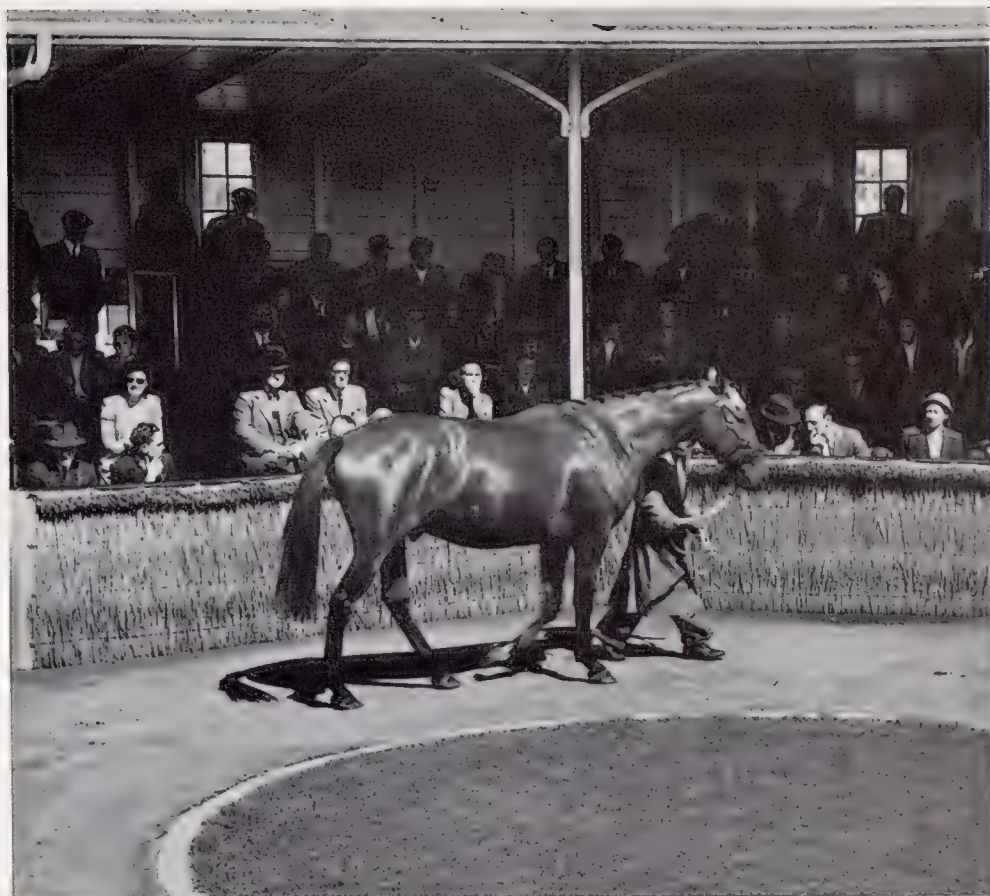
It is hard to believe, especially on the Thursday of Show Week, when there is a competition for ladies' hunters to be ridden side-saddle, that it was only in 1919 that ladies were permitted to enter the competitions, while today they form fifty per cent of the actual riders.

IT is on the Friday during the Nations' Cup—better known as the Aga Khan's Trophy—that the ground is most heavily populated. On this occasion pageantry is combined with the thrill of the show-jumping competition. This competition was instituted in 1926, since when Ireland has won it eight times, England six, Switzerland three, France two, and the United States and Germany once each. On the other hand, the Swedes, who have competed so regularly and, indeed, have achieved such fame in the equestrian world, including the Olympic Games, have so far failed to win the Nations' Cup.

This year teams are coming from France, England, Italy, Sweden, and the United States, besides Ireland. In addition, for the first time, there will be three Australian riders competing as individuals. Melbourne will be unable, owing to quarantine regulations, to stage the equestrian events of the Olympic Games, and these are to be held next June in Stockholm, when it is hoped that both the Army jumping team, and a civilian three-day event team, will represent Ireland. Australia, however, has sent riders to train in Europe, and this will be the first occasion in Ireland in which Australians will show the form of their horses.

AUSTRALIAN riders include Messrs. Jacobs, Graze and Barker, and the horses to be seen here for the first time will be — Dumb-bell, Regency and Mr. Melbourne II.

Incidentally, it is amusing to note that one of the Italian horses, which will be ridden by Lt. D'Inzeo, is called The Quiet Man—the American film of this name made in Ireland was a tremendous success all over Italy, and hence no doubt, the name of this horse.



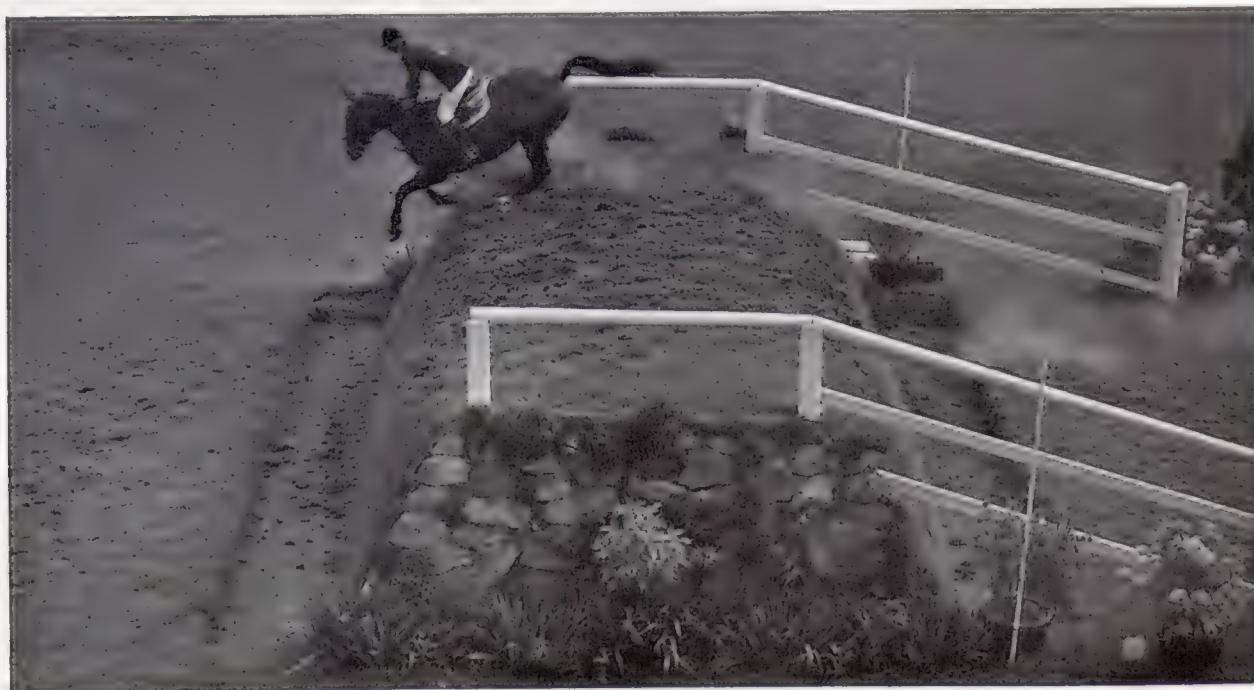
The auction ring at Ballsbridge where the bloodstock sales run concurrently with the horse show

This year there is a new feature; after the President—His Excellency Séan T. O'Kelly—has presented the Aga Khan's Trophy—there will be a parade of Vincent O'Brien's trilogy—Early Mist, Royal Tan and Quare Times, the winners of his hat-trick Grand Nationals during the last three years. This is certainly a great compliment to one of the foremost Irish trainers, and a fitting way to pay tribute to this unique performance of Irish breeding and training.

As this article goes to press, horses will be making their way by road and rail from the various parts of the thirty-two counties of Ireland towards Ballsbridge, while the judges

will be arriving from all corners of the British Isles. Then, as the week begins, there is a trek of spectators towards Dublin.

DUBLIN Show Week with the days spent at the Show and the evenings given over to dancing at the various hunt festivities where protocol is dispensed with and pink coats are worn in mid-summer is all great fun, but the stars of the week are the 1,150 horses and ponies which will converge on the city for one of the oldest Horse Shows; a form of sport which has now grown so much in popularity throughout Europe, that a show jumper is now more valuable than many a racehorse.



A member of the British team negotiating one of the banks which are a special feature of the jumping to be seen at Dublin

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"Like Christmas with finger-bowls"

CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN died alone. It is said he was worth as much as £300,000,000 and he could have earned £1,000 an hour if he had so wished.

When he was a younger man he spent his millions on art treasures. He was probably the greatest collector of beauty the world has ever known, greater even than Fisk, the American railroad man.

But age brought with it one overriding and passionate desire. He retired to the first floor of the Aviz Hotel in Lisbon and rarely emerged. He spent his millions to buy solitude.

When he died his son Nubar had gone to Baden-Baden for a few days. This was the son the old man had quarrelled with because he would bring cold chicken into the office for lunch.

His daughter Rita had gone to Combra, 120 miles away. Her husband, Kervok Essayan, had stepped out shopping. The nurse had stepped out of the room on an errand. So he died alone. And got his wish, which is more than most of us do.

THINKING of money always makes me think of Constance Bennett, the actress. Her enchanting sister Joan was one day talking to a friend, who said: "Why is it your sister Constance is for ever making these silly little films? She certainly doesn't need the money. She has a magnificent house, a splendid yacht and enough alimony to launch a battleship."

"I know," said Joan. "But, you see she likes money."

"Hasn't anybody told her she can't take it with her?"

"She can't?" asked Joan, her lovely eyes widening—"then she won't go."

★ ★ ★

MR. JAMES GUNN, the portraitist, is at work again on the official Coronation portrait of the Queen. It is to be reproduced to send abroad to Embas-

sies, regimental messes and to official halls throughout the country.

The portrait shows the Queen in her Coronation gown, bareheaded and standing by a table on which rests the Crown, sceptre and orb.

I inspected a replica of the portrait with Gunn the other day and asked him what he thought of the criticisms. There have been many hostile comments and I, for myself, thought it showed no more than a thoroughly glum young woman in fancy dress.

Gunn rounded on his traducers. I love to listen to an artist in a temper. His use of the English language has an admirable simplicity.

But he did admit that the portrait had

one fault as a ceremonial likeness. The Queen had refused to wear the Crown and insisted on being painted standing bareheaded.

Now Gunn is adding a tiara to her head. It is a typically English gesture of compromise and I hope it will be successful.

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING of Royal portraits nowadays makes you think of that sombre chap Annigoni.

His picture of the Queen draws sincere and universal applause from visitors to the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

The Duke of Windsor went to see it a week or so ago.

The Duke regarded his niece with frank admiration, asked slyly what she was doing in the fields in that rig-out and then brought the full weight of his critical opinion to bear.

"I've got one of those things," he said, indicating the cloak of the Order of the Garter. "Wouldn't blow out in a breeze like that. Too damned heavy."

His Royal Highness was moved to some emotion as he passed through the galleries. So many old friends. . . .

He would exclaim: "Why, there's old so-and-so. Always had the oddest taste in clothes."

What struck him most was a friend in a brown dinner jacket. I gather he thought that was going too far.

★ ★ ★

BUREAUCRACY is boundless. I was settling down to have a nice quiet read of a report about the present situation in Kenya *vis-à-vis* the white settlers and the dissident factions of the great Kikuyu tribe, known as the Mau Mau, and was jogging along happily with



"I love to listen to an artist in a temper"

the author's assessments of the present position when he shocked me out of my seat.

It seems that the leaders of the Mau Mau commandos, which are roughly linked together and receive directives from a central control, believe in paper work.

I had always thought that these savage marauders were kept in discipline by witchcraft rites, fear and threat of reprisal on their families and villages. But the magic of a white sheet is also invoked.

The successful commando leader insists on the best paper, letter heading and rubber stamps for his orders, and if he finds that a rival leader has better lettering and a bigger stamp than he, there is grave danger of his losing face.

Great scandal was caused in Nairobi when it was discovered that the dreaded Mau Mau, hunted ruthlessly through the Aberdare region, has been in constant touch with the British Stationery Office in London for their advice on this vital detail of warfare!

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS the most cheerful sight on a racecourse these days is the Tote Investors stall. They give you three gold pencils for every bet you make and in the gloom, cool, alluring, there stand maidens, acolytes of chance, vestal virgins of the odds.

They are all good looking, though coolly impersonal. They wear head-hugging hats, well-tailored suits and lots and lots of synthetic pearls.

A friend of mine fell so in love with one that he wrote down £10 instead of 10s. on his card and the horse won at 100-8.

So he had to take his wife to Ostend, where they lost the lot at the tables.

There is no moral to this tale.

★ ★ ★

ONE of my acquaintances celebrated his sixth birthday last week.

His mother asked him what he would like to do on such a felicitous day. He said could he have his kindergarten to dinner. Then he decided that he didn't like some of them, so only sixteen came.

His mother asked him what sort of dinner he would like to give them.

"Like Christmas," he said. "With fingerbowls."

★ ★ ★

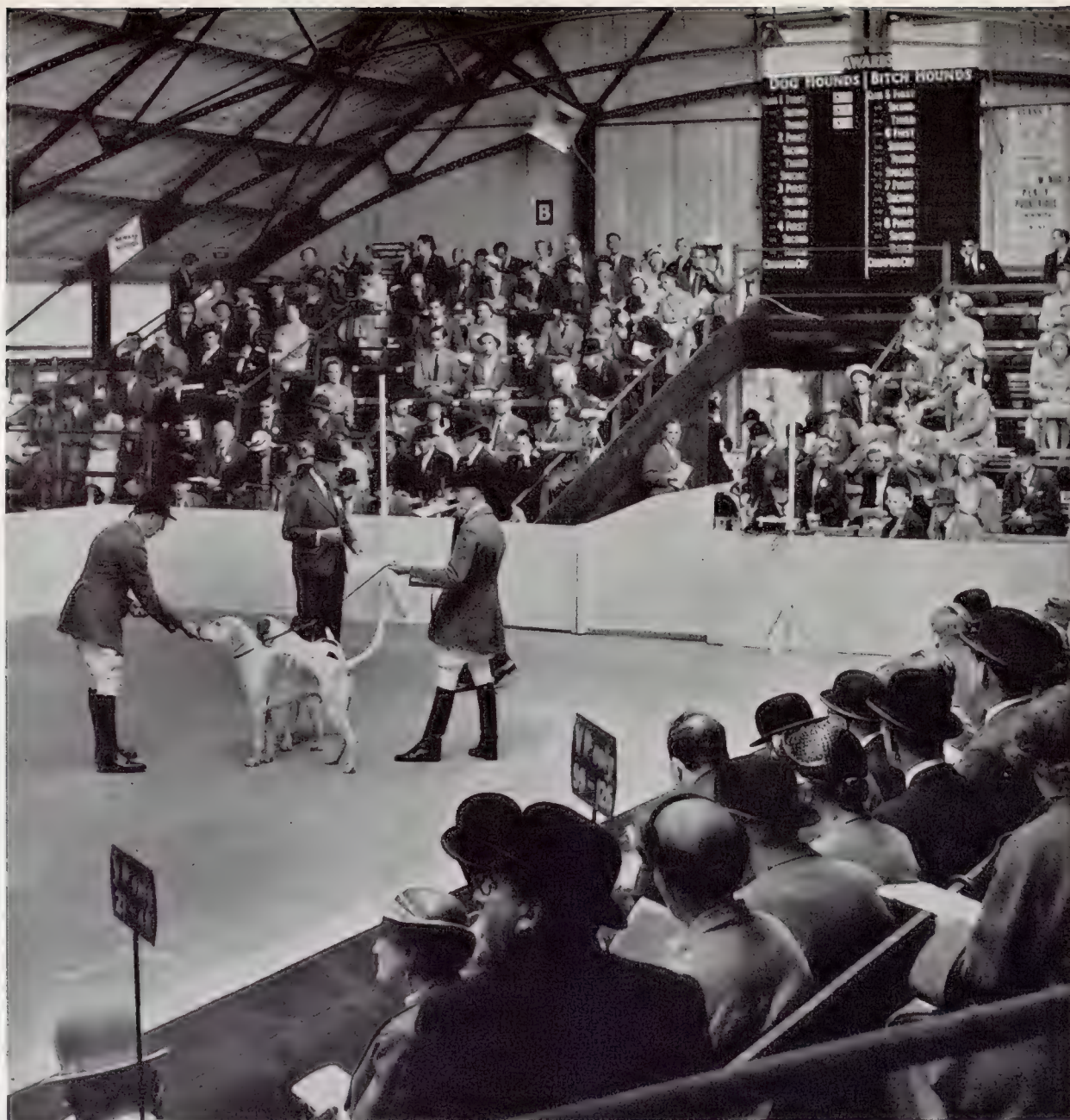
I HEARD a serious Indian talking on TV. He was praising his country for the great developments they have made in film production, and claimed that India is now the second biggest film-producing country in the world.

"The trouble is, of course, that in the backward villages people still prefer entertainment in their films. You know, songs, dances and that sort of thing."

So sad. I do myself.



SIR ALEXANDER CLUTTERBUCK, K.C.M.G., M.C., who takes up the appointment of U.K. Ambassador to Eire in September has, since 1952, been High Commissioner in Australia, before which he was U.K. High Commissioner in Canada. He was born in India in 1897, eldest son of Sir Peter Clutterbuck, late Inspector-General of Forests in India and Burma, and was educated at Marlborough and Pembroke College, Oxford. During World War One he served in France with the Coldstream Guards. In 1919 he entered the Civil Service and had a brilliant career, making a speciality of Commonwealth affairs after entering the Dominions Office in 1928. Between the wars his diplomatic gifts and skill as a negotiator were made good use of and, in 1940, he was recalled from his office of Deputy High Commissioner in South Africa and became Assistant Under-Secretary of State in the Dominions Office. Though he has spent so much of his life in capital cities, he is a countryman by taste and habits, and likes nothing so much as to get away from the beaten track. He is married and has one daughter



THE SHOW RING:
Entries from the West
Norfolk pack at Peter-
borough, being shown
in Class 2 for the owner
or master of the best
couple of unentered
hounds whelped since
December 1st, 1953

At the Races

TRIUMPH OF A HANDICAPPER

WHATEVER this year's Ascot may not have been to some people, it will surely go down in racing history as a triumph for one man, Mr. Geoffrey Freer, the Official Handicapper. We have often seen something like a dead-heat between three, but Mr. Freer went one better and got four of them almost dead level in the 2½ miles Ascot Stakes. That was a very notable achievement.

Prescription, the favourite, was only beaten a neck by the outsider Wildnor; a head, half a length, one and a quarter lengths being the other distances. This was well worth going out to see. The Hunt Cup was yet an even greater feather in Mr. Freer's cap: short head, short head, head, half a length. What could have been closer?

OTHER things apart from this winner-finding worry, our country did not have too rosy a time. We never expected to win the Gold Cup, but we believed that France would with that beautiful horse Elpenor, instead of which the rich spoils were run away with by Italy with a big burly customer, Botticelli.

I do not know exactly what he tapes, but I should not be surprised to be told well over sixteen hands. Anyway, it was another one up to the ladies, for he is part owned by the Marchesa della Rochetta,

and I now think that it is safer than ever to predict a ladies' year, since one or other of them seems almost bound to win the Leger, and this I say in spite of this recent defeat of that great French colt Phil Drake.

THE deplorable casualties on the day of that storm which smote Ascot and many other places naturally put a damper on things. The Stewards, I note, have been criticized for not

stopping racing at once; but they did as soon as they heard of the casualties.

The defeat of Phil Drake in the most valuable race in England, the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, can only be ascribed to one cause: they have over-raced him as some of us, myself included, thought that they might. I do not think that this prejudices his chance in the Leger, *provided they give him time to catch his breath.*

Probably by now we have managed to imbibe the fact that Phil Drake is "the best colt in Europe," so why not give us a rest, and stop rubbing it in? The thing we want to hear is what the bookmakers think about him for the Leger; their published quotations in fact! Probably, being both wise and cautious birds, they will not say a word until they are fairly convinced that Phil Drake will be sound and fit on Leger day! How wise this will be, and how impatient are we!

IF this colt can stand up to all planned for him, not only will he be the best of many decades, but the soundest ever dropped! It is no one's business but his owner's and his trainer's what they do with him, but on his public achievements he looks good enough to put in a glass case!

It would be a great pity to break him down before he is retired to the stud, even though he can already command his own fee. It is not always wise "to take the cash and let the credit go!" Phil Drake has already got the credit, plus a big bag full of cash.

I think, as already remarked, the wisest course is to forget the recent Ascot defeat.

— SABRETACHE





FOXHOUNDS ON PARADE

THE Peterborough Foxhound Show is always a great event in the sporting world, and this year there were twenty-six packs represented in the judging ring, a larger number than has ever been shown in previous years. Above: Maj. R. Hoare, Master of the West Norfolk, with some of his pack's entries

Lady Wendy Pelham, her mother the Countess of Yarborough, and G. H. Steele, huntsman of the Worcestershire, talking together outside the kennels



Lord Burghley and Mrs. D. K. Bean, who are joint-Masters of the Old Berkshire, with Maj. G. A. Gundry (centre) who was one of the show judges



T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester passing along the line of kennels after they had seen the judging



Desmond O'Neill

Miss M. Wilson and her twin sister Miss V. Wilson, former joint-Masters of the High Peak Harriers, who now hunt with the Cottesmore, were taking a keen interest in proceedings



Mr. Michael Hurt, Lady Aline Cholmondeley, daughter of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and Mr. Eric Hatry



Mrs. Ronald Callander, and Major Callander, who were talking to Mrs. Hugh Rose and Major Rose at the reception



Miss Tatiana Preston, Mr. John Harley Mason and Mr. Alastair Boyd, who were toasting the bride and bridegroom



A RUSSIAN WEDDING IN LONDON

THE wedding took place at St. Philip's Russian Orthodox Church, Westminster, of Countess Helena Tatistcheff and Mr. George Derek Stanley Smith. Above: The bride and bridegroom with their crown-bearers, (left to right) Mr. David Metcalfe, Cdr. George FitzGeorge, Mr. Reresby Sitwell, Mr. Juan Martin, the Hon. Charles Stourton, Prince Alexander of Russia, and (holding crown) Lord St. Just



Mrs. J. E. Martin, Mr. Gusto Pini, Mrs. Clifford Pellerie and Mr. J. E. Martin were among those who attended the solemn and picturesque ceremony



Lord John Cholmondeley, younger son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, who lives in London, talking to Mrs. Reresby Sitwell



Miss Jean Dawnay and Lord St. Just, whose home is at Wilbury Park, near Salisbury. He is the second baron



Mr. David Metcalfe in conversation with the Marchioness of Northampton, whose husband is a Warwickshire landowner



Dr. and Mrs. William Stovell at the reception. The church was exceptionally beautifully decorated for this wedding



Mr. Reresby Sitwell, son of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, the poet and writer, was listening to Mrs. Arthur Byron



Mr. A. Borzormenyi, who was one of the twelve crown-bearers at the ceremony, in conversation with Mrs. Peregrine Fellowes



Capt. Rattray, of Rattray, Perthshire, with the Hon. Mrs. Petre Crowder, daughter of Lord Mowbray and Stourton

Susie

At the Theatre

LAURELS FOR
SIR JOHN

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE famous Stratford *Much Ado About Nothing* is back in London, a "must" for the discriminating, even though they have seen it before. For no Shakespearean production that I can recall has stood up to so many different stages and sets of players and remained so marvellously fresh. Sir John Gielgud first did it for Stratford in the 1949 festival. Next year he himself played the Benedick to Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Beatrice.

Two years later the same production, with Miss Diana Wynyard as the Beatrice, drew the town to the Phoenix Theatre; and now, interrupting an extensive European tour, it has come with Miss Ashcroft as Beatrice for a brief season to the Palace.

The gratifying thing is that the production owes its fame to no out-of-the-way virtuosity in treatment but simply to the faithful care with which Sir John has studied the text and drawn from it through the right-hand of acting all that it has to



THE TWO TURTLE DOVES, Beatrice and Benedick (Peggy Ashcroft and John Gielgud) execute a fantastic little measure to signify the ending of their misunderstandings, and the triumph of true affection after many setbacks and strange circumstances of their wooing.

give. His stagecraft and the scenery of M. Mariano Andreu are alike brilliantly ingenious, but the ingenuities strictly serve a single purpose. They induce and sustain the mood in which we turn with ease from the merry war between Beatrice and Benedick to the romantic pathos of a Hero cruelly undone by the villainies of Don John and back again to romantic and mirthful reconciliations.

We are, in truth, made the rapt witnesses of a sudden display of summer lightning excitingly diversifying the glowing gaiety and grace of a splendid Renaissance day of high summer.

Scene merges into scene with the neatness of a cleverly contrived, brightly-painted mechanical toy; but the general effect is not in the least mechanical. It is buoyant—either buoyantly light-hearted or buoyantly romantic.

MISS ASHCROFT'S BEATRICE beautifully matches the producer's Benedick. No doubt too much may easily be made of the wit of these characters (for, to tell truth, it often falls to the level of schoolgirl and schoolboy repartee), but Miss Ashcroft and Sir John handle the raillery with just the sort of gusto, the air of delighted pre-occupation in bouts of exquisite talking for talking's sake, that the play requires.

It is a joy to watch Miss Ashcroft pause and hover for an instant after the first words of a sentence already loaded with friendly insult before alighting with a little pounce on just the word she had wanted for a finishing touch. Thus, she is always making our minds linger over the words, and so enabling their curious richness of design to tell.

Sir John's Benedick shows once more that it is nonsense to regard him as a tragedian who jokes with difficulty. The truth is that he turns his minor failings as a tragedian, his natural hauteur and air of remoteness, into comic virtues. The eager anxiety which breaks through Benedick's pride as a

professed railer against women is in his performance real and delicious comedy, and the comedy reaches its height at the point where he reasons himself into the resolution to fall horribly in love with Beatrice.

The special point of interest in this production for Shakespearians is the treatment of the church scene. Beatrice's breaking of the love-scene between herself and Benedick with her sudden "kill Claudio" has always been found to raise an unwanted laugh and his recoil from her murderous demand to raise another.

WE have it on the authority of Mr. Laurence Irving that his grandfather compelled an unwilling Ellen Terry to repeat the words so that he might end the scene strongly with the traditional "gag," "As sure as I'm alive I will." Sir John has found a way of playing the whole scene, without the alteration or elimination of a single word, in a way that gently avoids building up the "kill Claudio" to a climax and takes the scene on to a tender, falling close. At the Phoenix this worked beautifully and there was no disconcerting laugh; on the first night at the Palace it did not. Imperceptibly the exquisite timing required had gone wrong by a split second, and the rare effect was lost.

THE principals are well supported. Mr. Richard Easton makes Claudio a well-meaning fellow, with whose ill-luck we can, for once, sympathise. Mr. Anthony Ireland perhaps lacks the confident ease of so great a Renaissance prince as Don Pedro, but he obviously relishes his own good things and the good things of others. Mr. Anthony Nicholls is a stout-hearted Leonato; Mr. George Devine's Dogberry a splendid ass; and among other good performances one notes that Miss Moira Lister succeeds in making quite a character of the usually inconspicuous Lady Margaret, Hero's gentlewoman.



DOGBERRY (George Devine), amply caparisoned with the signs of his important office, lowers his brows at the thought of aspersions on his dignity.



"SALAD DAYS," whose unique and sparkling freshness, tunefulness and charm have packed the Vaudeville Theatre since the opening night, celebrates its first anniversary on August 5th. This musical comedy, with its team of enthusiastic young players from the Bristol Old Vic Company, has been seen by over a quarter of a million people, including many members of the Royal Family, with whom it has been extremely popular. Above: Newton Blick, Eleanor Drew, John Warner and the famous piano

Limelight

Oliviers draw at Stratford

THE arrival of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Rovers in London seems an appropriate moment to examine the work of the home team at Stratford-upon-Avon. Here the Oliviers are packing the theatre with the devout from all corners of the earth. Sir Laurence's choice of Malvolio is odd, but it enables him to wear one of those great false noses of which he is so fond, and this he couples with a crimped wig and a difficulty in pronouncing the letter R. The effect is on occasion comic, but he never brings the house to the great belly laugh which is latent in the part.

Her ladyship does very competently as the principal boy, and Alan Webb produces one of his masterly caricatures of senility as Sir Toby.

So far, so fairly good, but the play is captured, as it often is, by Feste, played in this instance by Edward Atienza. He builds a character very near, it may well be, to the poet's intention—a workaday servant, half-afraid of the sack, by turns pathetic, vain and venal. Mr. Atienza is helped by a nuttily true singing voice, and he did very well by Quilter's airs, mysteriously attributed on the programme to Leslie Bridgewater.

A SECOND highlight of the season, *Macbeth*, suffers among other defects from lighting, which might well have been arranged with an eye to some small municipal hall. As a result, one is painfully sensible of the flaws in the gawky canvas of the setting and incessantly worried by a school of architecture and furnishing which acknowledges neither structural possibility nor comfort. The luckless Macduff, Keith Michell, played his vital scene before a backcloth which lacked nothing except a cat, and a milestone saying "5 miles to London."

But Sir Laurence triumphed over these impediments: his *Macbeth* has all the fire-power and eminence that is proper in the senior actor of the decade in a tradition of

super-beings. Here is a king, a villain, a warrior, and a tragedian who knows the value of every tone and nuance in the human voice. Here, very rightly, is a most memorable experience in theatregoing.

And so to Stratford town and cold supper (if ordered well in advance): "Coffee, sir? Not at this hour. We might do you a cup of tea."

THE Catering and Wages Act, a thoroughly inept piece of legislation, is by now the customary excuse of the lazy hotelier, but nowhere is this more blatant than in towns of pilgrimage, where tourists are commonly treated as if they were an unruly school treat. It is nigh on impossible to get a hot dish after the theatre in Stratford, yet the demand for it undoubtedly exists. In the best restaurant in the town lunch service ceased at 2.30 and newcomers were peremptorily refused. And on the return journey, at a large and highly-praised country inn, a timid request for a cold meal at 12.10 raised nothing but astonished eyebrows. Even if we do take our pleasures sadly we shouldn't expect visitors to copy us.

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

KINK IN THE CODE



A DOLL DANCE is one of the exciting musical sequences in *Value for Money*. Above: Irving Davies with Sheila O'Neill as the doll.



JAMES STEWART in the new Western in CinemaScope and Technicolor, *The Man from Laramie*, has a powerful range-riding role



GOOD SAMARITANS in disguise: Humphrey Bogart, Peter Ustinov, and Aldo Ray as three escaped convicts have their own particular way of doing good deeds in *We're No Angels*

MAYBE I'm a little old-fashioned to regard gun-running, smuggling, hi-jacking and kindred activities as really not quite the thing, and any gentleman who engages in them as scarcely admirable. The more modern view is that it doesn't matter what you do, providing you can get away with it—or so I gather from *Soldier of Fortune*, in which, somewhat to my surprise, Hollywood for once allows that crime does pay.

Mr. Clark Gable has the title-role. He is a Chicago gangster living in exile and immense luxury in Hong Kong, where he is up to all kinds of no good, is respected for his wealth, feared for his ruthlessness and loved for adopting small Chinese orphans and setting little women up in business.

Miss Susan Hayward comes to Hong Kong in quest of her husband, an American newspaperman who has mysteriously disappeared. The authorities, of course, in their stuffy way, cannot help her—in fact, as you have guessed—you astute thing, you—Mr. Gable is the only person who can.

SHE seeks him out. He runs an approving eye over her (though to my mind there is less to approve about her than there used to be), she slaps his face, and he is straightway in love and willing to do anything for her.

In no time at all he finds out that her husband is a prisoner of the Chinese Communists behind the Bamboo Curtain. Nobly resisting the temptation to leave him there, Mr. Gable sets off for Canton in his junk—an elegant craft, with beautiful bat's-wing sails—and, with the assistance of a British police officer (Mr. Michael Rennie), whom he has shanghai-ed, effects an incredibly neat rescue.

You'd think the husband would be delighted at being restored to his wife, but he's not. He flies away on some wild goose chase almost immediately. "He told me marriage is not for him," says Miss Hayward to Mr. Gable, simply. This makes it all right for them to fall into that long, passionate, final clinch.

Well, well—what's the world coming to when gangsters can flout the law with impunity and marriage vows can be so lightly broken? I don't know, I'm sure.

The film was shot in Hong Kong and gives, in pleasing colour, an impression of bustling streets and hectic bar-life. Mr. Gable, lined and grizzled now, still packs a powerful punch, still screws his eyes up quizzically and grins the confident grin of the consciously dominant male. In a changing world there is something soothing about his infinite lack of variety.

"INTERRUPTED MELODY" tells the life story of Miss Marjorie Lawrence, an Australian singer who at the peak of her career was stricken with infantile paralysis, but, though confined to a wheel-

chair, returned indomitable to the New York Met to triumph once more as *prima donna*.

Miss Eleanor Parker, playing Miss Lawrence and illuding as a singer, gives an exceptionally fine performance. I had not suspected her of so much fire, or of so much emotional power. She is completely convincing throughout, whether as the merry, bubbling girl headily savouring her first success at Monte Carlo, as the mature, elegant woman accepting with frank enjoyment the tributes showered upon her, as the tortured cripple suffering agonies of despair and longing for death, or as the final heroic figure, rising above affliction.

GLEN FORD is equally impressive as Thomas King, the husband—a modest doctor who abandons his practice to nurse his wife back to health. The invalid is, as invalids often are, bitter and unreasonable—but his patience and love are inexhaustible. Mr. Ford has never before done anything half as good as this study of a man acquainted with grief.



Eleanor Parker as a great *prima donna* singing Isolde, in *Interrupted Melody*

The film is fraught with glorious song—Miss Lawrence apparently tackling everything from Wagner to "Waltzing Matilda." I am told the voice is dubbed by Miss Eileen Farrell—a singer of whom, I regret to say, I have never heard. If one can trust the sound-track—which can, of course, lie as effectively as the camera—she has a voice of quite exceptional range. I do not personally know of any *diva* who could sing with the

same splendid virtuosity such widely different roles as Delilah, Carmen, Butterfly, Brunhilde and Isolde.

MR. CHARLTON HESTON, in *The Private War of Major Benson*, is a martinet whose punishment for treating the troops too tough is to be sent as instructor to a military academy run by nuns (shades of the Church Militant?). Here the Mother Superior delivers a talk on humility, the woman doctor (Miss Julie Adams) reads him a lecture on child psychology, and two little boys give him measles—so he becomes comparatively human.

The film ends with a snappy display of military drill—all the little rascals, armed from top to toe, marching like robots and looking murderously grim. "If only the Archbishop were here!" sighs the local priest, beaming on the martial young. A small, aghast voice within me whispers: "Oh, Prince of Peace, oh, Sharon's dewy rose, how mute you lie within your vaulted grave."

La Table aux Crevés is the tragi-comedy of a village feud, told in a Provençal setting and the accent of the Midi. It is earthy and sometimes a little macabre—but Fernandel, a widowed farmer in love with a young girl lends it warmth and tenderness.

—Elsbeth Grant



SUSAN HAYWARD, one of the screen's most strikingly beautiful actresses, stars in *Soldier of Fortune* with Clark Gable. Her career began when David Selznick saw her picture on the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*. A year later she made her name in *Adam Has Four Sons*, since when she has appeared in some 27 films

Television

PLAYWRIGHTS' TEST

ONE practical problem facing every TV dramatist is that of finding his length. Ideally TV drama should be not too large in scale, not too prolifically peopled, and not too ponderous in pace.

This is one reason for looking forward to the Wolf Mankowitz double bill next Tuesday. Mankowitz has shown more than once his grasp of the short-story economy which suits TV so well. His *The Bespoke Overcoat* was a miniature TV classic. David Kossoff, who played it so wonderfully, will be in both Tuesday's plays: *It Should Happen to a Dog* and *The Girl*, with Diana Decker. It does seem rather perverse, having one playwright who has found his length, to double it up. Both Mankowitz playlets are produced by Tony Richardson, who clearly has the right notions of compact drama with the current "Appointment with Drama" series.

ANOTHER competent TV craftsman is Michael Pertwee, author of *Sunday's Night is Our Friend*. Equally at home on panels or with the Grove Family, Pertwee here launches into the deeper drama of a war hero who has developed a fear of the light. Jill Bennett and Hugh Burdon are the stars.

To-night's treasure is a repeat of the Garbo anthology.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

The Gramophone



ADVANCE WITHOUT BUGLES

RON GOODWIN with his Concert Orchestra has made some very workmanlike recordings in the past eighteen months, and in an entirely unobtrusive way created a continued demand for more from a widely increasing public. Recently he set down "Three Galleons" and "Summertime in Venice," both ideal examples of his capacity as an arranger and, indeed, as an interpreter. This Goodwin record is well above the average in its class. (Parlophone R. 4041.)

THE indomitable Jimmy Durante pops up in great form with "When the Circus Leaves Town" and "It's Bigger Than Both of Us." The first title has some reasonable moralising in it, the second, in which he is joined by Patty Andrews, is sophisticated and gay. (Brunswick 05445.)

Many years ago Marlene Dietrich recorded a song called "Peter," and recently she has, quite rightly, remade it, backing it with theme tune "Ich Hab Noch Einen Koffer In Berlin," from the film *I Am a Camera*. Not all the Dietrich current records are worth hearing, but on this she has shown how greatly experience, good diction and innate artistry count. It is a real pleasure to sit back and allow this fabulous personality once again to make one mere clay in her brilliantly talented hands. (Philips P.B. 472.)

—Robert Tredinnick

IT WAS A WEEK OF SURPRISES AT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

A MEMORABLE week of exhibiting and show-jumping at the White City will be chiefly remembered for the defeat of the six times victorious British jumping team by the Italians, and the hard and not always successful fight which established individual riders had to retain their supremacy. All this was excellent spectator-value and also laid the foundations for a titanic struggle next year



Capt. Frank Gilbey, Dr. Christopher Bulstrode, Miss J. Pontifex and Miss Pauline White driven by Sir Dymoke White, whose private drag won a first



Count Thorn Bonde from Sweden and Lt. Gustav Casparsson, who is a member of the Swedish team



Above: Mr. A. McCashin, of the U.S., on Mohawk. Below: Mrs. Noel Duncan, Mr. R. Abel Smith, Miss M. Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. J. Cowdrey and Miss Alison Glover on the Blues coach





The British team : Miss Dawn Palethorpe (Queen Elizabeth II Cup winner), Mr. W. H. White, Miss Pat Smythe ("Daily Mail" Cup winner) and Mr. Alan Oliver parading before the competition for the Prince of Wales's Cup

Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, who had been riding in the Ladies' Hack class, and Mr. Christopher Lampard

Mrs. William Hanson, whose husband was a well-known rider, was with her sister, Miss Diana Edge



Major and Mrs. R. J. G. Dallas, from B.A.O.R. Major Dallas was riding in one of the events



Mrs. Richard Chamberlen and the Countess de Vernville on their way to watch the King George V. Gold Cup



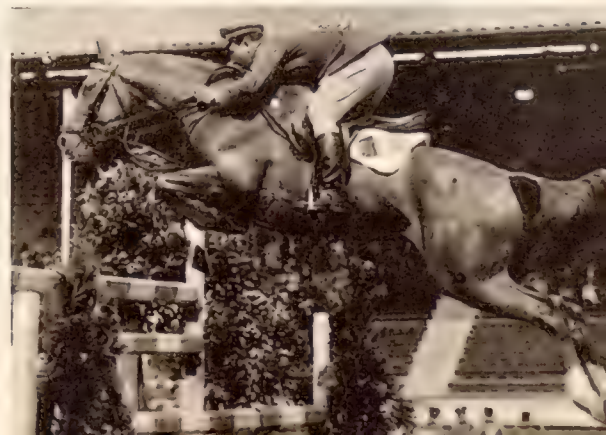
Miss Pat Smythe with her new horse, Flanagan, who was making a very dashing first appearance in the show



Mr. W. H. White on Nizefella taking a jump during the Prince of Wales's Cup, the most important jumping team trophy



Above: Capt. Barry, of the Irish team, jumping on Hollyford. Below: Capt. S. Oppes, of the winning Italian team, on Pagoro



Standing By . . .

PAGING MR. TWINKLETOES

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

LIZZIE BORDEN took (as you doubtless recall) an axe and hit her poppa forty whacks; when she saw what she had done she hit her momma forty-one. A ballet called *Fall River Legend*, based on this historic New England folk-romance and lately produced in New York, should remind our native ballet-boys of the rich heritage of dance-material stored up in the *Famous British Trials* series, to begin with.

For a start we'd suggest the trial of Mr. J. G. Smith, who liquidated four or five of his brides by bathwater; a theme exquisitely choreographic, calling for a wealth of pirouettes, culbutages, glissades, entrechats, rebouffades, miraboliques, salamalecs, and *fouettés farcis aux petits pois*; especially in the principal *pas de trois*, in which the Spirit of the Metropolitan Water Board (Pushova) would try to serve a summons for unpaid rates on Smith (Pantzoff) in the presence of a Drunk Milkman (Fred Trippitt). Handel's Water-Music could be used for this, with something in 6/8 time for the indispensable preliminary tossing of La Pushova from hand to hand by Smith and the Milkman. Hop!—Voilà! Oh, pardon! (Crash.)

More deliberately evocative of *Les Sylphides*, with a *corps de ballet* of chartered accountants in tigerskins, and Stock Exchange bacchantes, could be the trial for fraud of the great Victorian financier Whittaker Wright. However, it's not our job to feed Sadler's Wells with new ideas. The raw stuff of ballet is all there and even those boys can't spoil it completely. No offence.

Décor

YOU white men should call yourselves pink men, shouts an authority who has just published a book on The Colour Question, because "white" conveys an illusion of purity. But how often are you pink? We ask in all humility.

We've seen (and admired) you red with shame, purple with rage, blue with misery, yellow with liver-trouble, ghastly white when faced with the Facts of Life, and sickly green with terror of some tiny, furious blonde. We even know a Nordic patriot who on a cold winter day goes round looking like the meteor flag of England—red face, white hair, blue nose. This pink can hardly be your standard colour. "Ruddy" is perhaps more suitable in some cases, as Wordsworth realised:

*The Squire is come, and, as I guess,
His ruddy little daughter, Bess,
With Harry the Churchwarden.*

And again, from a modern poet's tribute in ballade-form to some big boy or other:

*Prince, I esteem your lofty mind,
Your calm integrity and grace;
Only one drawback can I find—
I do not like your ruddy face.*

You ask what this is leading up to. It is leading up to a pat on the back for Mr. Parsons, a minor Regency poet who warned the Race against visiting Italy, owing to the wickedness of the natives. Mr. Parsons should have reinforced his

warning by adding that the Island Pan clashes with all vivid scenery. Grey skies are the setting—ask any R.A.

Buss

WHEN Comrade Togliatti kissed Comrade Pollitt on a memorable occasion every Red fairy in the world skipped for joy and a million tiny geraniums burst into bloom. When Comrade Ho-Chi-Minh of Vietnam recently rained kisses (*vide* Press) on half the Soviet Government boys at a reception, even the Muscovite sun apparently blushed bright crimson with happiness and sank below the horizon.

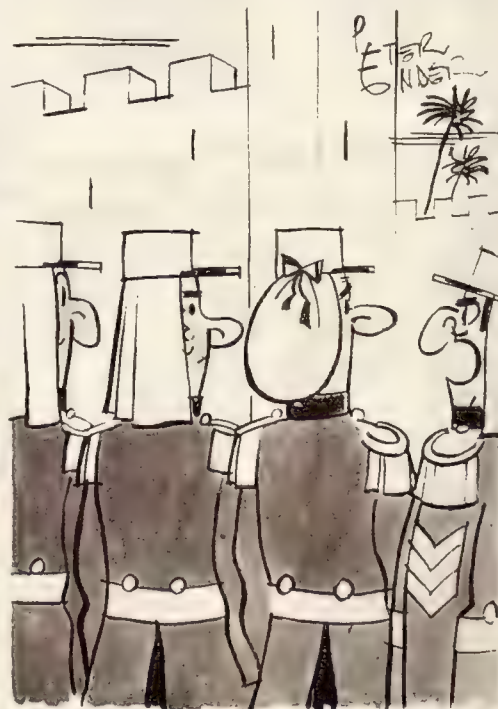
And may we remind you that barely a couple of centuries have elapsed since the Race dropped this pleasing public custom ("Buss me, good Dick!"—"Come to me arms, Sir Harry!"), except of course in Soccer circles? We'd like to see it generally revived; especially in clubs, and in one club above all. Regret-song, from Club Songbook:

I must go down to the See again,
And O! I shall sadly miss
The fond caress of the F.R.S.,
And the smack of the O.M.'s kiss (etc.).

This will solve Clubland's eternal problem, namely what to say or do after "Fine day!" (or "Beastly weather!"), and will likewise enable the dimmest chaps to become the cynosure of polite society. Gratification-song, from Club Songbook:

Professor Glue for several weeks
Has kissed me warmly on both cheeks;
So now rich women point and stare,
And talk about me everywhere,
Because I tread the social scene
Fragrant of nitrotoluene!
Tra-la-la-la (etc.).

Just stinking out loud, as they say in Government laboratories.



"Haircut!"



BRIGGS

GRAHAM

by

GRAHAM



Capt. Edward Newling, Miss Anne Newling and Mr. Clarence Winchester in the undamaged portion of the building



Sir John Wilson, Bt., who is chairman of the Club, Lady Wilson, Mrs. Margarita Wilson and Mr. David Wilson



A "JUBILATION BALL" was given by the Arts Club at their premises in Dover Street, Mayfair, to celebrate the granting of a building licence to restore the Club, badly bombed in 1940. Above: Miss Marion Silcock, Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A., Mrs. Pat Stenson, Mr. Maurice Codner, R.P., Mrs. F. H. Saville and Mr. Pat Stenson



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Denis Ledward were sitting beneath a picture of some notable members of the Club, painted before the war by Arthur Trevelyan Nowell



Right: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stewart-Liberty and Mrs. and Mr. Hulme Chadwick were enjoying refreshments inside the Club, after dancing outside



Priscilla of Paris

DAY OF THE TRICOLOUR

THERE are two days in the year when it is asking for trouble to drive across France in any direction. One is a day of mourning, the other a day of joy!

In November, on All Souls' Day, the French honour their dead. Long, slow processions, led by *M. le Curé* and his acolytes, wind through the streets of every town, village and hamlet towards the graveyards; the living are taking prayers, flowers—and, sometimes, speeches—to the dead. In July France celebrates her national holiday, and on this occasion the same town, village and hamlet hangs out its flags, reviews its troops (if only the local firemen), dances in the market-place, lets off its fireworks and gaily makes the most of the three glorious words: *Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité*. But whether one gets mixed up with the autumn mourners or the summer merry-makers, the result is equally disastrous if one is in a hurry to get from one cardinal point to another.

This year, however, the amazing heat-wave in which we wallowed tempered our impatience. Those of us who, imprudently, had allowed their departure from town to coincide with the national festivities found themselves content to make haste slowly.

RARELY have I seen such a glorious "Fourteenth." The blue of the immense tricolour that billowed from the vault of the Arc de Triomphe above the Unknown Soldier was not more blue than the sky, and the sun was so ardently golden that the colonial troops taking part in the Review will never again believe what they are told about the Paris summers of recent years. As the men marched down the Champs Elysées in the khaki or blue battle-dresses and the lighter, camouflaged materials of the jungle suits that are the habiliments of modern war, they seemed to be passing between wide banks of flowers,



MLLE. MARIE-CLAIRE DE FLERS, whose father was the late Count Marcel de Flers. Her mother is a daughter of the late Marquis de Ploëuc, and is the owner of the historic Château de Guerguelegand, in one of the most picturesque parts of Brittany

so gay were the brilliant tints of the women's frocks and scarves, so multicoloured the shirts of the men. The plumage of the male makes the most of itself nowadays.

I had not intended to go anywhere near the Champs Elysées that morning, but in answer to a last-minute request to pick up a friend on the Right Bank, I made a dash for it. The going was fine but the coming back was not so good. The driver proposes but the Paris agent disposes. Anyway, it was bad policy to try the same one both times.

BY the time the review was over and we had disentangled ourselves from the home (or elsewhere)-going crowds, the mid-day sun (at 1 p.m.) was raising blisters on the asphalt and we decided to wait for the coolth of the evening and take to the high road by night.

The waiting took place where long, cool drinks and electric fans behind blocks of ice made waiting pleasant, but when lightning struck the near-by Pont Neuf and blew up half the fireworks intended for the evening display, we were jolted out of our restful somnolence, and dashed down to put up the hood of the "convertible." The sparks, happily, flew upwards!

Night brought the relief of a tepid breeze and a darkness as of pitch, which was good for what had been salvaged of the fireworks and for driving. It may be romantic to drive under the full moon, but I prefer the darkness that allows good headlights to do their work without the interference of ghostly shadows.

The open-air celebrations were in full swing as we left the city. At this fête of the people by the people every Marianne

had her Jacques, and all the Durands and Duponts were out for a good time. This year the gaiety seemed more spontaneous than it has been for long past . . . there is a definite feeling of hope and reassurance in the air.

AT the ball that took place on the garden terrace of one of the big evening papers, a Very Important Person was the guest of honour. All that remains of *Tout Paris* was there, from M. André Dubois, the Prefect of Police, who has "silenced" Paris, and who must have had cotton wool in his ears that night, to M. Jacques Duhamel, and from Mme. Mony Dalmès, of the Comédie Française, to young Line Renaud, who sang the famous "Madelon" song of the '14-18 war. There were many there who recalled those far-off days, and I vow there were tears in their eyes.

Line Renaud has been singing "Mademoiselle from Armentières" during her recent tour in the States with great success, but since she is in her early twenties, one wonders whether . . . and, also, what version did she sing?

We reached the Island as dawn broke, and tumbled into the sea. Practically we have lived in it ever since.

Question d'identité . . .

● EXAMINER: "What is the meaning of 'combustible'?"

JEAN-PIERRE: "Something that burns, Monsieur."

"Give an example."

J.-P. (who knows his pictures): "Joan of Arc, Monsieur."

AUSTRALIANS WON AT FRINTON

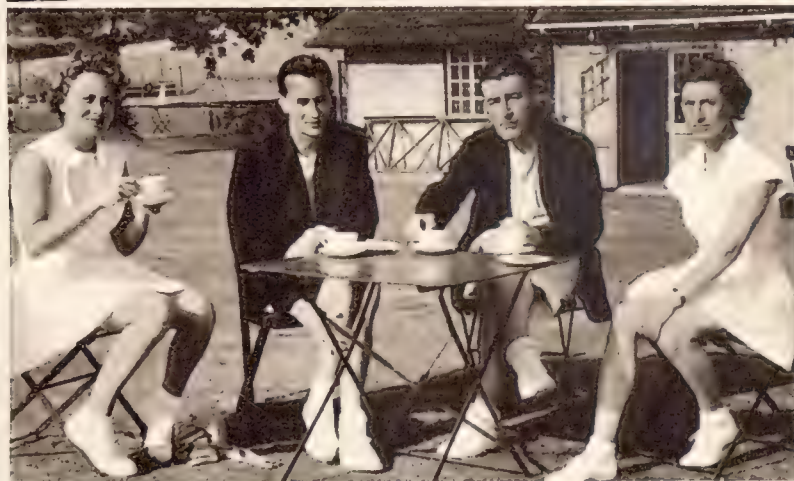
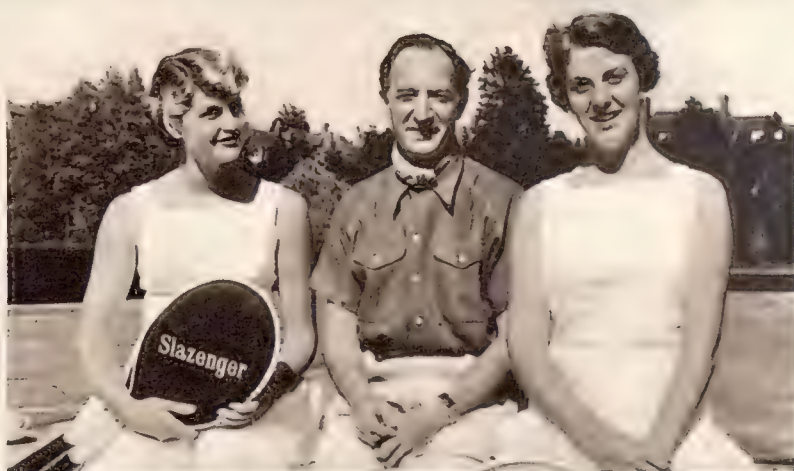
THIS year the Australian players carried all before them and play was thought to be of the highest standard for many years at the lawn tennis tournament at Frinton-on-Sea. Right: Lt.-Col. H. D. Murrane, M.C. (secretary), Mrs. Russell Weilenman (lady captain), Mr. Gordon Boggon (club captain), congratulating Miss Mary Carter, runner-up, and Miss Beryl Penrose, the singles winner



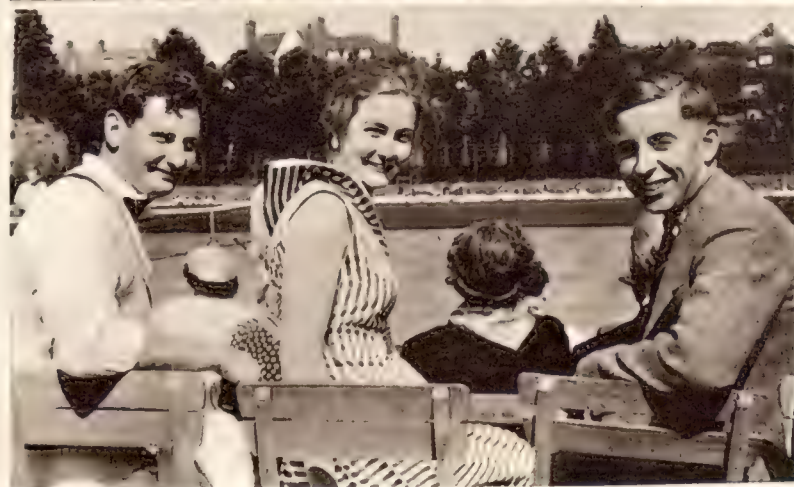
Above: Mr. Philip de Laszlo, grandson of the painter, and Miss Tessa Ruscoe

Below: Mr. Michael Lusty and Miss Sally Probart-Jones arriving at the club

Miss Beth Ruffin, an Australian player, Mr. Brian Boyd Smith and Miss Pat Hird were about to go on to the courts



Mr. and Mrs. Eric Bland, the winners of the married couples event, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Roxburgh



Mr. Peter Earlam, Miss Jean Woodruffe and Mr. Christopher Pertwee were waiting for the finals to begin

THE GENIUS OF RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN

SOME ENCHANTED EVENINGS, by Deems Taylor (Macdonald; 21s.), is the story of the famous partnership which has produced so many popular musicals, including *Oklahoma!* *South Pacific* and *The King and I*. Left: Valerie Hobson, the star in *The King and I*, at Drury Lane, and (right) the late Gertrude Lawrence as Anna in the New York production



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

ENGLISH LIPS UNSEALED

BOOKS about the English are usually written from the outside. "There are," says Geoffrey Gorer, "numerous advantages in being a foreigner to the society one is studying." The remark occurs on the opening page of the book which he, though an Englishman, let himself be persuaded to undertake—*EXPLORING ENGLISH CHARACTER* (Cresset Press; 30s.). Some years ago, Mr. Gorer's *The Americans* roused wide interest on both sides of the Atlantic: it has remained a standard work. He has also examined Russian and French characters. On the strength of this, it was he who was called upon to supply a want: an equally thorough study of the English.

Thorough, indeed, it was to be. For the book, as it has finally come to us, is subtitled: "An Enquiry into the English Attitudes towards Home Life, Children, Love & Sex, Marriage, Religion, Law & Order." So vast a field, Mr. Gorer felt unequal to covering by one-man research—also, as he points out, in one's own country one is circumscribed. One has not a foreigner's liberty, or (in the English view) permissible oddness.

THE number of types of one's own countrymen one is likely to meet in a day's journey is limited: one's own class, avocation, habit of life are exceedingly difficult to break out of. Nor is the asking of point-blank questions, particularly those of a searching kind, well seen, as between one Englishman and another.

Mr. Gorer, therefore, willingly took advantage of the offer made by a popular Sunday paper. The paper sponsored a questionnaire (drawn up by Mr. Gorer) and placed the resources and finance of an enormous press at his service, to sift and sort out the answers and cope with the heavier first stages of specialised analytical work. That this serious—though on the lighter side fascinating, highly rewarding—book owes its

existence to an apparent "stunt" reflects, I think, most favourably on all parties.

The questionnaire, publicised in the newspaper, was to be applied for by any who felt ready or fit to answer it. By the closing date, 14,605 forms had been sent out. The answers, it was thought, would naturally prefer to remain anonymous: it was made clear that the forms were not to be signed. A proportion of people, however, preferred to sign them—no doubt feeling this was more honest. Inevitably, too, an amount of papers were spoiled—or, at any rate, rendered less useful, by an imperfect realisation of alternatives. The questionnaire (printed on page 320) is framed, one might have thought, with extreme clearness. One must recall how many voters spoil voting papers.

OF the answers, a small percentage came in from the upper-middle class. (None, apparently, from the small out-and-out "upper.") The mid- and lower-middle classes, and what has been graded as the upper- and lower-working classes, were the most responsive. These, one must remark, are the people who are normally least articulate, least prone to ask themselves searching questions, most wary of outside curiosity. And at the same time, these are the people whose habits, outlook, morality and beliefs are the most ingrained—indeed, traditional. They are the types most liable to remain sealed books. They are, in fact, the people of England. Their replies to questions so near the bone are therefore the more impressive. They have authority.

I cannot over-emphasise the interest of *Exploring English Character*. As one might expect, there's an increase in sophistication where class grades upward. But the absence of pomposity, affectation and (what could be worst of all) exhibitionism is most

encouraging. Mr. Gorer points out the sometimes striking regional diversities—Midland, North-West, West, London, and so on—in attitudes to law and order, religion, sexual morality.

MIDLAND answers were, he found, the most broadly typical of what could be defined as "the English attitude." Also, the point of view of one age-group often clashes with that of another. Economic differences are factors. On the whole, in spite of what Mr. Gorer calls (rightly, I think) English bashfulness as to class, answerers have defined their status objectively. "I was born upper-working class, am now lower-middle class." Locality, type of dwelling, recreations and, of course weekly income are the determinants.

Answers which give an extraordinary mass effect are here. Only a number of people, of course, have been able to be given verbatim: space had to go to the most typical or the most non-typical, the most disconcertingly frank or most intelligent. Mr. Gorer admits that in some cases his expectations of the English were confirmed, in others either confounded or exceeded.

With his deductions, few of us will quarrel. *Exploring English Character* is more than a national document; it is a feast. No one should miss this book.

★ ★ ★

LITERARY awards are numerous—could one not be spared to go for the best-chosen book title of the year? Much, I am certain, is in a name—though, too, what comes after it must be solid worth. Up to date, my candidate would be Jane McClure, for calling her collection of short stories *THE SANDWICHES ARE WAITING*. (The volume comes from Collins, at 10s. 6d.) The idea whets any



snack-lover's hunger : also, it sharpens one's curiosity. Who cut the sandwiches, for whom, and whence the delay ? It's typical of the art of Jane McClure that she slips the actual sentence, unostentatiously, into the end of a story whose crescendo is due to a number of small touches.

No reader beguiled into this book for the aforesaid reasons is likely to turn, till it is finished, to any other. For this young American, Miss McClure, is a born, an ideal story-teller. Her tales range round several countries, and she gives one a startling variety of people. With a so-called feminine eye for detail, she combines a manly efficiency as to workmanship. Each piece in *The Sandwiches Are Waiting* arouses interest, maintains tension and, best of all, has a point. Endings are unexpected, often dramatic.

OFTEN the characters speak for themselves and, unawares, tell us more than they know. The sandwich story itself is a fine example. The husband in "Gentle as a Lamb" and the wife in "What Can You Do With an Orchid?" betray themselves: one is callous, the other blind. "The Coat," sad aftermath of a lost baby, is written entirely in dialogue. Each time, Miss McClure allows the idiom of speech to indicate temperament, class, race, outlook and intelligence quota—one knows what kind of company one is keeping. And the background adds to the character. The America stories extend from New York to the North-West—"Pioneers" is a gaunt little picture of lost illusion. Rome, Venice and an Italian *plage* are among other, effective settings.

But Miss McClure's masterpieces, I think, are those she has placed in Occupied Germany. "The Weathervane" and "The Ivy-covered Skyscraper," both haunting, deal with young Germans in the American Zone: in "The Parrot" and "The Cage" we see Occupation from the occupier's somewhat uneasy angle. There's the problem of homesick, transplanted wives. The child Alice's retreat, at the Berlin Zoo, unnerves her mother—and can one wonder. . . . I was sorry that Miss McClure put "The Green Heart" story first in the book: it seems to me less good than the fourteen others—which, like sandwiches, should not be kept waiting.

★ ★ ★

DAVID EAMES, in his novel, is also title-conscious. For this, he claims, is all that his pack of characters have left within the domain of their so-called author. *THE TITLE'S MY OWN* (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.) is a comic, ingenious story of a novelist run ragged by his brain-children. "Do you," a novelist is often asked, "find you control your characters, once they are with you, or do they take over?" Mr. Eames (perhaps an extreme case) provides us with a dire reply. He answers, too, the ever-recurring question as to where novelists' characters come from. This, he found, could not be simpler: they march in on you. And from the first, he found, their attitude was distinctly threatening.

The personnel of the St. Merry repertory theatre, including the landlady Mrs. Hoskins, who chain-smokes in bed all day among cheese and cake, are a menacing rather than merry crew. Long-nosed Horatio Havelock, Goronwy the sailor, stag-eyed Mr. Ellis and his child, sensual Sarah, are insurgent types. How pack them into a novel? In the battle to do so, excellent fooling follows. Outcome: our Mr. Eames hands over. The title, at any rate, is his own.



CHRISTMAS CARD JUDGING was the object of a reception given at the Prince's Gate flat of Lady Harding, wife of Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., by the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons in Europe, of which she is chairman. The cards were the work of D.Ps. Above: Lady Harding, with Mr. Anthony Devas, A.R.A., R.P.



Brig. N. Dugdale, C.B.E., Director of Public Relations at the War Office, was present with Mrs. Dugdale



Countess Mountbatten, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir W. Dickson, and Field Marshal Sir John Harding



Miss Audrey Russell, Mr. Edward Seago, R.B.A., and Lady Brunner examining cards, which had been submitted in great variety, and which were all very beautiful and original



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



This would be a useful frock to wear by itself from now on until early October and after that under some vivid wool topcoat. Above: This is real value—a three-skin blended baum-martin tie for £47. The handbag, large and beautifully slim, is in black grosgrain and costs 9 gns.

A street dress to meet the challenge of autumn

WE have selected as this week's TATLER choice a very good black dress in a light-weight silk and wool fabric. It has a plain vee-neck line, long, tight sleeves and a cross-over skirt that falls beneath a cleverly cut swathed tie on the hips. Made by Roter Models it costs 22½ guineas, and is sold by Harvey Nichols who also supply the accessories shown with it. (Below) a hat like a powder puff, made of softest almond-green marabou, £4 18s. 6d. Other colours also

—MARIEL DEANS



KNITWEAR MATCHES A VACATION MOOD

THESE pictures (writes Mariel Deans) taken at the Fun Fair in the Festival Gardens, Battersea Park, show a selection of knitted garments that are as gay and fashion conscious as they are easy to wear and comfortable. Just right, we feel, for that kind of summer day when the sun comes and goes and we are, none of us, as warm as we might be—weather we know so well in England

—MARIEL DEANS

A mushroom-coloured bouclé wool suit by Pringle of Scotland. The jacket with its three-quarter sleeves and neat little turn-over collar can be worn inside or outside the ribbed skirt. It comes from Debenham & Freebody's Knitwear dept.



The jacket of the Holy-
rood two piece has
three-quarter length
sleeves and a little turn
down collar. Dickins &
Jones have it in stock



Left:
Monterosa's turquoise
blue sweater with a
high collar and chev-
ron of ribbed knitting
which give it a com-
pletely individual ap-
pearance. It may be
bought from Harrods
of Knightsbridge



Continuing—

CAREFREE KNITWEAR

THESE knitted outfits are rapidly gaining popularity in the fashion world. Besides sweaters and sportswear we now see suits, dresses, jackets and full-length coats, all made in jersey wool or bouclé. They are beautifully made, giving a really well-tailored appearance

A bold coral and white striped Italian sweater imported by Rima shown worn with one of their white poplin shirts. Another "special" from Harrods, Knightsbridge



A moss-green two piece suit of wool bouclé by Holyrood Knitwear. It has a bolero jacket and straight sleeveless, ribbed dress with its wide boat-shaped neck and no sleeves, is drawn in at the waist with a leather belt

Left:

A thick fisherman's-knit sweater in natural coloured wool worked in horizontal stripes with ribbed cuffs and welt. It is made by Peter Scott, of 168 Regent Street, to whom all enquiries should be addressed



Hay-Wire / Holiday!

BEACHWEAR this year is gay, carefree, and just a little mad. Straws in your hair, and straw flowers and vegetables for your dress are among the latest "hay"-wire ideas

— JEAN CLELAND



Brightly coloured straw flowers for holiday dresses. Straw spray 9s. 11d., daisies 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. Harrods

Here are corn-on-the-cob, carrot and onions in straw, which add an original note to play clothes. 5s. each from Harrods



A most useful travelling beach shawl striped in the gayest colours, which can be used as a rug or wrap. Price £4 9s. 6d. it is taken from a collection of Italian beachwear which may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge





A straw boutonniere for summer wear. Price 8s. 6d. from Harrods



These Italian hats are useful to pack—when flat out—delicious to wear—when fastened up. Blue and white stripes, and green with white cord. £2 10s. 6d. from Woollands



"How dry I am" is the tune played by this musical pourer. Fortnum and Mason. £2 5s. 6d.



These fascinating straw collars are a new line in neck-wear. They may be had for 18s. 9d. from Harrods

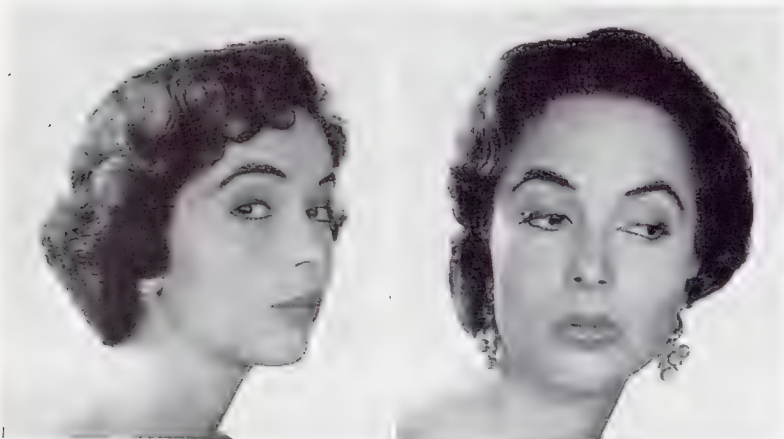


Also from Woollands' Italian beachwear collection comes this amusing sun hat with straw fringe. Price £1 15s.

Dennis Smith



Two styles by Riché. Left, for the beach, and, above, for evening wear with hair additions



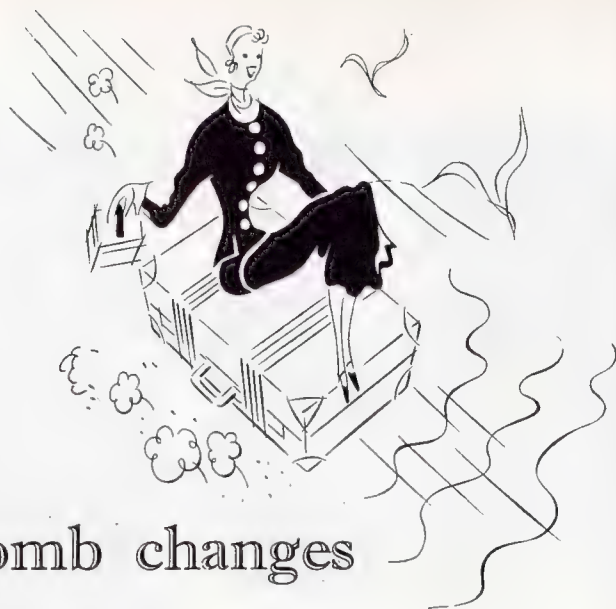
Richard Henry creates a day-into-evening style called "Scarafia" after the model, Marla Scarafia. For the day (left) and evening (above)



Evansky summer styles are delightfully casual by day (left) and sophisticated by night (above). No complications, just a matter of combing



Martin Douglas shows the same haircut—medium long and very lightly permed on the ends only—dressed in two different ways



Beauty

A comb changes the style

PRiority problem for those going on holiday is care of the hair. How to condition it for resisting the ill-effects of salt water, how to protect it from the sun, how to dress it so that it looks gay and casual for the beach, and elegant and more formal for the evening.

These are the questions so many people are asking, that in order to give them the best advice I have been visiting some of the leading hairdressers to get their views. As regards style, all are agreed that this must be something simple, that can be easily changed, according to whether you are going out to dine or coming in to dance.

To try to describe a method of hairdressing is a tricky problem, and so I asked if it would be possible to have some styles photographed for you to see. Each of the hairdressers I spoke to offered to design a style especially for The TATLER and we have reproduced them on this page, so that you may get some idea how, with a good cut, it is possible to look "right," both for the beach and for the ballroom.

MARTIN DOUGLAS advocates having the hair very smooth on top with no perm either here or on the crown. For holiday wear the hair should be permed *just on the ends*, and even then, only at the back and sides. In this way, it doesn't fluff or frizz if it gets wet with salt water, and therefore looks much smoother when you come to dress it for the evening.

In this salon, when a client has a new hair style she is shown how to comb it out, and how to rearrange it into a different shape, so that when she goes away she feels confident about dressing it for herself.

Another feature of the Martin Douglas Salon is "scintillas," a method by which the hair can be high-lighted at the tips. There are a number of graduated shades, and the ends of the hair can either be lightened or toned down to a darker shade. If, for instance, it is inclined to be sandy, it can be dramatized by having the tips shaded to a rich auburn. This, in a very subtle way, enlivens the look of the whole head and is most attractive.

RICHÉ of Hay Hill advises you not to be reckless about exposing your hair to hot sun too much, as this can produce a bleaching effect that is very drying. While sunbathing, protect it with a chiffon handkerchief or scarf, and, both before and after the holiday, give it a series of "Ester-ol" treatments. When bathing, keep it as dry as possible, but if it gets really wet with salt water, rinse it through with clear water from the tap. Some people hesitate to do this, but Riché declares that a short holiday style is quite easy to re-set. For evening he suggests ornamentation with a juliet cap decorated with flowers, or a "hair piece" in the form of a swathe or knot.

Richard Henry too, is very definite about the bad effect of sea water. In addition to wearing a close-fitting cap, he suggests that the hair should be treated with an emulsion, then shampooed with a special Italian shampoo containing essential oils, and finally set with a rinse of "foam."

Evansky agrees with Martin Douglas that hair that has been lightly permed is highly advisable, and much more easily cared for during the summer months. A cream dressing is another of his suggestions for guarding it against the heat of a strong sun.

—Jean Cleland

ENGAGEMENTS



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Peta Leacock, elder daughter of Mrs. Edmund Erskine Leacock and step-daughter of Mr. Edmund Erskine Leacock, of Casa Bianca, Funchal, Madeira, is engaged to Lt. Anthony Bevan Lean, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Bevan Lean, of The Old Forge Cottage, Winkfield, Windsor



Harlip

Miss Michaela Ann Kier, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Kier, of Royston, Herts, is to marry Mr. Alexander James Reid, son of Sir Edward J. Reid, Bt., and Lady Reid, of Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7 and Ellon Castle, Aberdeenshire



Lenare

Miss Marian Cynthia Manningham-Buller, eldest daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, of Green's Norton Court, Towcester, Northants, is engaged to Mr. Edmund C. G. Brudenell, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Brudenell, of Deene Park, Corby, Northants



THEY WERE MARRIED

Whiteley—North. Mr. Peter J. H. Whiteley, son of the late Brig. J. P. Whiteley, M.P., and of Mrs. Whiteley, of Mixbury Hall, Brackley, Northants, married Lady Angela North, daughter of the late Lord North, and of Mrs. C. Harman Hunt, of Waldershare Park, Dover, at St. Margaret's Westminster



Andrew—Clark Taylor. Mr. Peter Richard Andrew, Colonial Police Service, Malaya, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Andrew, of Abingdon, Berkshire, married Miss Hazel Clark Taylor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Clark Taylor, of Moor Court, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the Church of St. John, Ipoh, Malaya



Gurney—McIntyre Mr. John Colin Gurney, elder son of Brig. and Mrs. L. Gurney, of Burgess Croft, Crowborough, Sussex, married Miss Olivia McIntyre, daughter of Lord Sorn, of Moray Place, Edinburgh, and of the late Lady Sorn, at St. John's Church, Edinburgh



Heaton—Poole. Capt. Basil Hugh P. Heaton, M.B.E., R.H.A., elder son of Cdr. and Mrs. H. E. Heaton, of Rhual, Mold, Flintshire, married Miss Bronwyn Margaret Knox Poole, only daughter of Mr. B. C. H. Poole, of Dural, New South Wales, and the late Mrs. Poole, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

H.R.H. PRINCE BERTIL of Sweden with Mr. David Brown beside the Aston Martin which won the 3-litre class at Le Mans. At the Prince's invitation Mr. Brown has entered Aston Martins (which also took the first four places in the sports car event at the British Grand Prix meeting at Aintree) in the Swedish Grand Prix on August 7



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

PSYCHIC SIGNAL

MY basic theory of road safety remains the same: it is that the first need is to simplify driving conditions. Any Minister of Transport who spent his first year of office in clearing away redundant road signs, in reducing road regulations, and stopping unnecessary road works, would be on the way to achieving a reduction in accidents. So it is with mixed feelings that I notice a new signalling device being put upon the market. It takes the form of a triple light signal.

Following an Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire the other day, I had an opportunity of seeing this apparatus working. It consists of a miniature traffic light about ten centimetres high, which, in this instance, was fitted inside the car's rear window. When the Sapphire was accelerating or running at a constant throttle opening, a green light showed. When it slowed for a corner an amber light showed first and then a red light.

The driver's actions were, therefore, being signalled to me, the following driver, all the time. I was told when he was pressing the accelerator pedal (green), when he had lifted his foot (amber) and when he was applying the brakes (red). Much as I hate the idea of adding more lights and more signals, I confess that it seemed useful to be kept so well informed of what the man in front was doing. But if such a device becomes popular, I do hope that it will be *instead of* and not *in addition to* existing sets of light signals.

ALTHOUGH this is not the time for garage using, it is the time for garage building. Years ago I gained experience of the pre-fabricated garage; now I have gained experience of building a garage to my own

specification. It is big enough for two large cars and has, along one side, plenty of space for a bench and for the storage of equipment, oil and cleaning materials. It has electric light with a point for a heater or trickle charger; and the lights can be switched on and off from the house, which is a short distance away from the garage. Water is laid on.

Breeze blocks were used for the walls and the roof is zinc-covered. The floor and the large "wash" in front, are of London stone such as is used for pavements. The garage has cost £600, but of this £130 went on the stone of the floor and wash. My feeling is that a good floor is worth a high price. Concrete becomes dusty and is never a pleasant surface. Stable tiles are better and less costly than stone.

IT is a sound move of the Standard Motor Company to offer purchasers of Triumph T.R.2 sports cars, overdrives on second, third and top gears. With these the driver has seven forward gear ratios to choose from, with the overdrives brought in by an electric switch on the fascia panel. The unit is the Laycock de Normanville and the extra charge, inclusive of purchase tax, is £56 13s. 4d. This is the same charge that used to be made for the overdrive on top gear only.

Theoretically the infinitely variable gear remains the ideal; but what is in effect a seven-speed gearbox approaches it as closely as is practicable with "step" ratios. If torque converters were less costly and if they absorbed less power there might be no need for multiple

ratio gearboxes. But at the moment there is that need if engines are to be run under the most favourable conditions.

AINTREE's attendance was the subject of conflicting reports. One statement was that there were 150,000 people there; another that there were 50,000. I am not a good judge of the size of crowds; but a friend who is gave me the figure of 70,000. Whether the results will encourage further efforts to stage big events in this country remains to be seen. What has been proved is that the earlier Silverstone events run by the British Racing Drivers' Club and sponsored with such energy and enthusiasm by the *Daily Express* were an unqualified success. I cannot yet judge Aintree's future prospects in motor racing.

Technically Mercedes again proved the rightness of their designs. Mechanically-operated valves and direct fuel injection must henceforth be looked upon as necessities for racing cars that hope to do well in Grand Prix events. By the way, the prices for the Mercedes 190 SL sports car were issued just before the race. The basic price is £1,900. When purchase tax is added the total comes to £2,692 15s. 10d. This is the car with an engine of 1,879 cc. and a top speed of over 110 miles an hour.

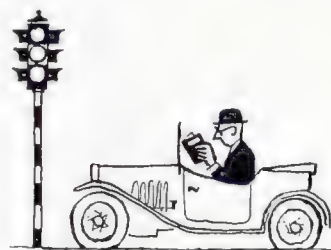
SOME interesting correspondence has arisen as a sequel to my remarks about the differences between driving in London and in Paris, and one reader raises again the important point of priority. In France priority is given to vehicles on your right-hand side. In England there is no priority. The rule works well in France, except perhaps at heavily-charged roundabouts. At crossroads it is certainly an advantage. But it is possible to argue with logic, as my correspondent does, that the priority in France should be to the other side. That would mean that in England, where we drive on the left of the road, the priority would be to the right. In other words, the direction—according to this argument—should be reversed and if you drive on the left priority should go to those on your right, while if you drive on the right priority should go to those on your left.

I doubt if the French will change their rule, but there is an opportunity for us in this country to think it all over carefully and then to establish a rule. It might reduce the amount of jostling and huffing for position that goes on near roundabouts and crossroads in England. It is undesirable that people should be able to overtake

on both sides and should be able, when doing so, to refuse to give way to the car they are overtaking. Yet in heavy London traffic this is constantly occurring. So I feel sympathy with this correspondent's views and I hope that the Ministry of Transport will soon start another investigation (one was made some time ago) into the advisability of a priority rule.

EXAMPLES of the new maps that are being issued by the R.A.C. were on view at Pat Gregory's party at the Royal Automobile Club the other day. They are six miles to the inch maps with contour colouring, the classified roads differentiated and with the mileages marked. The maps are clear and well printed.

The reference system used is by the so-called "hour" co-ordinates. In this the world is divided into twenty-four hour zones, each of fifteen degrees longitude. Each zone is divided into ninety units and then into decimal parts.



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SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

DINING IN

Preparing a heatwave larder

DURING the recent heat wave (which may have ebbed by the time these lines appear in print), when it was too hot to cook three times a day, I made a batch of cold dishes, in order to have a cool house (and person) at mealtimes. If necessary, such dishes will keep safely in a refrigerator for a week, probably much longer.

I asked my butcher for a good big piece of leg beef, a knuckle of veal and a good-sized piece of green streaky bacon. The plan was to make one terrine of beef, veal and bacon, a smaller one of beef only, and to cook one piece of beef to provide stock for cold beetroot soup as well as to slice cold and serve with mixed salads.

Into a Swedish orange-coloured heavy-enamelled iron casserole I put 1 lb. beef, cut into strips, four thin slices of the bacon, a clove of garlic, a teaspoon of grated nutmeg, plenty of freshly-milled black pepper, (no salt) and enough cold water to cover them. I put on the lid and placed the casserole in the unheated oven, where it would be out of the way while the other dishes were being prepared.

The butcher had sawn the knuckle of veal for me. I placed it, with water to cover, in a second casserole, then added a bay leaf, two sprigs of fresh thyme (from a window-box), a sherry glass of dry cider, pepper and a pinch of salt. This, too, went into the oven.

I put about a 1-lb. piece of the beef in a third casserole and added an onion, a carrot, a clove of garlic, some parsley root, a chopped tomato, a little lovage (celery flavour) from another window-box and cold water to cover. Finally, the remaining beef, diced, went into a small terrine with pepper and salt only and water to cover. So now there were four utensils, each lidded, in the oven at the one time.

At the Electrical Power Convention at Brighton, a few weeks ago, quite a "sensation" was caused by the new English Electric automatic raised-oven cooker. I have one of these, so was able to set the oven timer at the hour I wanted it to switch on and, after the required cooking period, switch off—then I set out on an outdoor job. The four dishes cooked slowly for 4½ hours at 300 deg. F., which, in a gas oven, would have been mark 1 to 2.

There remained the streaky bacon, soaked for a day in several changes of cold water. This was then simmered, covered with water, on top of the cooker, allowing twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes over, and left to cool in its stock.

At the end of the oven-cooking period, the meats were left in their casseroles until cool enough to handle. The veal, cut from the bones and chopped, was added to the beef and bacon in the first casserole, together with a little of its strained stock. Because of the bacon, no salt was required. I turned the mixture into a soufflé dish.

Later, when the bacon stock was cold, the fat was removed and simmered to get rid of moisture. A little of this was poured on top of the beef, bacon and veal mixture. When cold, the dish went into the refrigerator to wait until wanted. That fat will keep the jellied meats perfectly moist.

To make sure that the jelly in the small terrine would set firmly, I added a little of the strained veal stock to it and, because there was not much fat, I poured the remainder of that from the bacon on top.

The three-meat combination was a lovely rosy tone, thanks, of course, to the saltpetre in the bacon.

THE strained bacon and veal stock left were brought to the boil, together with a chopped onion and the liquid from a tin of baby beetroots. Meanwhile, I sliced the beetroots and covered them with tarragon vinegar.

The cold stock, after a few minutes in the refrigerator, was strained through two thicknesses of muslin. To the clear soup, I added matchsticks of the drained vinegar-flavoured beetroots.

If you have a favourite tomato soup, make it a little thinner than usual and chill it, too.

—Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter

ANDRE MAZZULLO, joint general manager of the Hungaria Restaurant, is known to friends and patrons as "Andy." He has been at the Hungaria since its opening in 1928, with the exception of war service in the Army Catering Corps, returning to the Hungaria as assistant manager in 1946. He is a keen golfer

DINING OUT

Wines of the Golden West

IT was courageous of André Simon to stage a tasting of Californian table wines at the Vintners Hall, because the average person who knows something of his wines is inclined to throw his hands to high heaven at the very mention of California as a wine-producing State. Many an expert will without hesitation pronounce these wines as undrinkable, and even if persuaded to try one will immediately assume an expression of such distaste that he might well have been asked to sip some hydrochloric acid.

This is absurd. It is, of course, a fact that they are in no way comparable with the wines of France, but at least let us take them on their own merits.

Twelve wines were available, almost all of them named very sensibly after the grape from which they were made, such as Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Pinot Chardonnay. It was obvious that a great deal of care and trouble had been taken in their preparation and presentation. They were all extremely brilliant and obviously free of any impurities, but one could not help wondering if something too scientific had not taken place at some period of their preparation, accounting for their brilliance but also perhaps for their lack of bouquet and an almost complete absence of the flavour of the grape, the name of which appeared on the label. The white were light and fresh, the sort of wine, when chilled, that should be drunk in large draughts on a hot summer's day.

In any case it was very co-operative of the growers in California to send their wines to be examined, and interesting because they were the first American wines imported for forty years. The date was most propitious, as it was held on Independence Day, the 4th of July.

As the spirit of independence seemed to be in the air, the Wine and Food Society held a Summer Dinner on "Quatorze Juillet" in the Fellows Restaurant at the Zoo in Regent's Park, a delightful place to enjoy a meal on a hot summer's evening.

The dinner they provided for over one hundred of their guests was quite excellent: *Hors d'Oeuvres*, *Suprême de Turbotin au Bretonne*, *Escallopes de Ris de Veau Sautées avec Aubergines Farciées*, *Pommes Berrichonne* and *Pêche Flambée au Kirsch*. With the meal there appeared to be unlimited quantities of wine, the first a 1953 Quincy Sauvignon, a wine of the Upper Loire, followed by Champagne Lanson (Extra Quality) 1947: both very good.

IT was an original idea to hold a tasting of the 1953 Burgundies in a large marquee within a few hundred yards of Hyde Park Corner, and that is what Messrs. Bouchard Aîné managed to do in a small garden at the back of their offices in Halkin Street, the object being to taste the Burgundies of 1953. There were eight white and thirteen red, and it became quite obvious that all one had heard about the excellence of the 1953 vintage was true. The Beaujolais are ready to drink now, or, as the French say, can be consumed "*dans l'escalier de la cave*"; the remainder should be outstanding in six or seven years, but it is fairly certain that they will be so good in two or three that most of them will be gobbled up before they ever reach that age, which has happened with the 47s and is happening to the 49s.

The cold buffet, incidentally, was a wonder to behold. It might well have been a winning exhibit at some culinary exhibition. I also have a strong suspicion that it was responsible for the remarkable shortage of smoked trout and eels at Bentley's in Swallow Street the following day.

—I. Bickerstaff



WEATHER OR NOT

"Hawkins, what are the omens for the Fête?"

"Well, sir, the cows are lying down but the swallows are high. And the piece of seaweed in the hall is unpleasantly moist."

"Your corns, Hawkins?"

"Rather troublesome. Which reminds

me, sir—should you have to shelter in the tea tent you will find the gin and Rose's Lime Juice in a biscuit tin marked 'First Aid'."

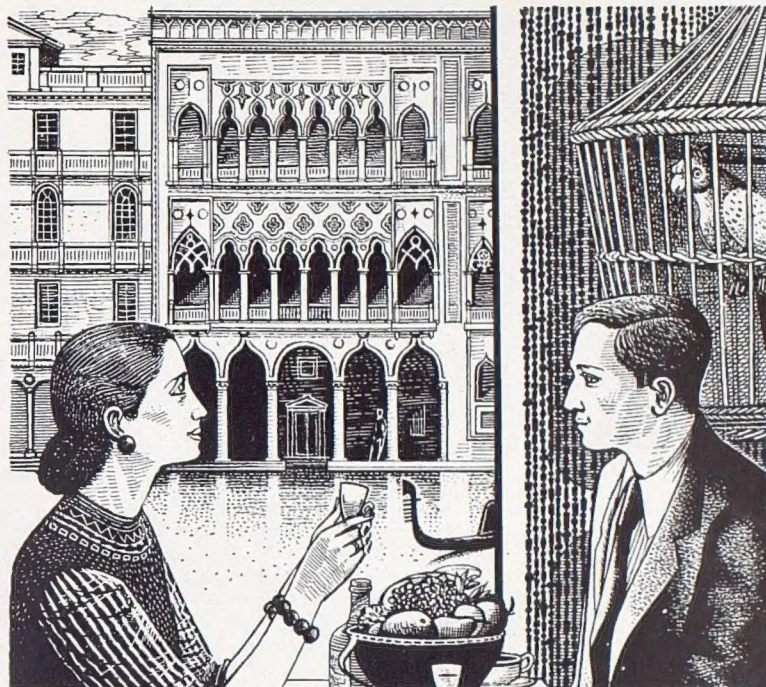
"You don't miss a trick, Hawkins."

"Thank you, sir. With soda water in reserve for gin and Rose's in its longer form we are, in a manner of speaking, weather-proof."

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